Week ending Feb. 20 1960

JOHN BULL

EVERY WEDNESDAY
FIVEPENCE

Secret society under your nose

WHAT MAKES YOU LAUGH?

I can't tell Stork from butter

Jove, this is good, Mary ! Really got something this Stork! I just can't tell . . .

I can . . . it's easier to cream!

Well, it's not hard for a cook to tell the difference! There's nothing quite like Stork to make short work of rubbing in and creaming!

STORK

TABLE MARGARINE

creamier taste—easier to cream!

AT YOUR SERVICE

one of a series

PREPARING A STORK RECIPE BOOK

Every year over a million copies of new Stork recipe books are given away to housewives all over the country.

As you can imagine, a great deal of work goes into preparing these cookery books, and in the photograph you can see some of the original recipes being timed and tested in the Stork Kitchens.

To begin with, new ideas for recipes are created by the Head of the Stork Kitchens. Then each recipe is carefully made up—more than once, to make sure it is absolutely accurate. Different types of cookers are used to make sure a recipe is tested under the conditions which you—the housewife—are likely to encounter.

After that, the finished dishes are photographed and artists draw illustrations for the booklet. Then it is ready for the printers.

There is always a great deal of excitement in the kitchens when yet another recipe book is ready! These books are sent out to housewives (many write in to ask for them) and are given away at demonstrations, exhibitions, and at places where the Stork Demonstration Van appears.

The latest Stork recipe book is called "Feeding the Family". If you haven't had a copy already, we would love to send you one—so why not write to us at the address below?

Make the most of your
STORK COOKERY SERVICE

If you want any advice on any cookery problems, write to The Stork Cookery Service, Kildare House, Dorset Rise, London, E.C.4

VAN DEN BERGHS & JURGENS LIMITED, LONDON, E.C.4

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The Cover

YES, that's certainly a snag with puppies; they're irresistible—almost. But *some*body has to be firm, and that's Mother's fearful and restraining arm stretching out to this heart-warming little corner of the animal kingdom. She's only too aware of that other menagerie at home: newts, goldfish, white mice and a budgerigar. A puppy would put the cat among the pigeons, so to speak. "But the boy's got a birthday soon," says artist Laurent. "And what parent can really refuse?"

Free Speech

JOHN BULL pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature "We Advise."

Cure For Thugs

I AM against bringing back the birch for thugs and razor-slashers. There are three hundred uninhabited isles off Scotland which could be used as correction centres.

Let's use the thugs' energy and brawn to build havens for our fishermen in stormy weather. Naval ships exercising off the coast could take out the bad lads, complete with ex-army shovels and Nissen huts.

Soon, for lack of problem boys, we could start using the isles as holiday resorts—the shock treatment will have done so much good.

There are plenty of unemployed highlanders who know all about building rough boathouses and lighthouses. A few phoney tough guys would be easy meat to them.—MISS M. ANDERSON, Glasgow.

Shock Tactics

My friend and other out-patients at a big infirmary were greatly distressed when a serious accident case was wheeled past them into the casualty section. Surely out-patients' departments should at least be screened off.—MRS. C. STEVENSON, Glasgow.

"We do all we can to avoid this," says a hospital secretary, "but shortage of accommodation and the need for speed sometimes make such incidents unavoidable."

Less For The Road

Driving accidents reach a peak just after pub-closing time. But the remedy is surely to rationalize licensing hours rather than impose more savage penalties on drivers.

If our drinking did not have to be crammed into about seven hours each day, fewer people would drink so heavily in the short time left before closing time. And there wouldn't be so many drinking drivers on the road at once.—T. S., Solihull, Warwickshire.

All Wrong, Jack

After a chequered career working under every kind of management from the dictatorial to the pompous, I have found none that will tolerate criticism from employees.

I have no patience with grumblers, but unstinted admiration for the man who is not afraid to air his views about matters concerning his work and colleagues. Yet this type is abhorred—there are no shop stewards in offices.

Relations between employer and employee are often strained and insincere, but if a few more subdued pen-pushers were to show the bulldog spirit, many of the commercial world's shortcomings would disappear.—L. H., Manchester.

Closed Books

Gilbert Harding mentions first editions by modern French authors being locked away "with their pages uncut" ("The Price Of Love," JOHN BULL, January 16). Surely this only applied to old books where it was necessary, due to the method of binding, to sever the pages before the book could be read.

I thought it only happened occasionally with modern books when an odd page or two might remain joined because of ineffective trimming.—PATRICK FAHY, Dublin.

"Most French books have to be 'cut' by the reader," says a bookseller. "It's traditional—and leaving out the final guillotining cuts costs."

Tingling Comfort

My one idea of heaven on cold winter nights is our electric blanket. One evening I had gone to bed early, but left it switched on for my husband. When he came in to see if I wanted a cup of tea he touched

my arm and began to laugh. "You're charged," he said. "You're tingling!"

I couldn't feel anything until he put his hand on my head and a sharp buzz went through my temple.

I still love the blanket, and won't part with it whatever you say, but *is* there a danger of electrocution?—MRS. JOAN K. HERBERT, Highgate Lane, Sutton-on-Sea, Lincs.

"It is never wise to leave an electric blanket switched on, particularly when it is no longer new," says a doctor. "But in this particular case the warm, dry atmosphere associated with the blanket probably helped to build up a higher than usual charge of static electricity, particularly if Mrs. Herbert was wearing a nylon nightdress. If she had taken her nightdress off and thrown it at the wall it would probably have stuck there."

Mac The Latin

I was interested to read about the Welsh speakers of Patagonia ("Free Speech," January 23). During a stay in Argentina I met hundreds of Argentinians who spoke with strong Scottish accents and sent their children to Scottish schools attached to the Scottish kirk. They could recite the poems of Robert Burns, dance reels and play bagpipes.

Usually it was the grandfather who had come from Scotland and most of them had never been to Britain. Yet when they talked of "home" they meant Bonnie Scotland.—P. J. SMITH, York Road, Bristol, 6.

Told In A Flash

The secrets of the long-distance lorry "headlamp code" mentioned by R. G. Macdonald ("Free Speech," January 23) are as follows:

1. A driver intending to overtake gives one flash on spot or headlamp.

2. The leading driver gives the O.K. by a flash on spot or headlamp, or warns that it is inadvisable by flashing his tail lights.

3. He flashes spot or headlamp when it is safe for the overtaking lorry to pull back to the nearside and gets, in return, the "thank-you" flash from spot or headlamp.

4. A lorry driver warns following vehicles that he intends to slow, stop or turn off by flashing his rear lights—and if he wants the vehicle to pass to give him more room for manoeuvre he flashes his spot or headlamp.

5. When two vehicles meet at a junction or are otherwise baulking each other, the driver prepared to wait a few seconds longer will "wave" the other on by a flash on spot or headlamp.

But as an ex-long distance lorry driver I advise all those not familiar with the code to leave it alone.—E. G. KENDALL, Coventry.

Egg-heads United

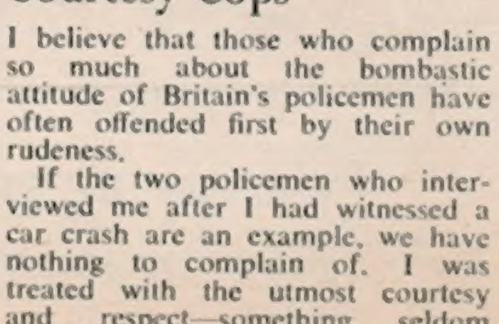
In these days, when the accent should be on mental training, schoolboys whose athletic abilities are limited must find compulsory games a ridiculous relic of 19th-century scholastic despotism.

I have played rugger for my school for six years and enjoy games—but only when I am not forced to play.

Boys no longer have to excel at sport to impress their fellows, and the sooner the authorities realize this the better for educational standards in general.—R. G. THOMAS, Reading School, Berks.

Putting A Point

It's a pity that more women don't have a say in designing houses. I would see that all houses, however small, had a place for the pram and the family's bicycles; that there was



room for a doormat at every front or back door, and that electric plug sockets were placed too high for crawling babies to find them but just right to save me bending.—MRS. UDALE, Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent.

"Women have a lot more say than they used to," says an architect. "But the cost-space problem is often a snag—and you'd be surprised how women disagree about which things are essential."

Courtesy Cops

I believe that those who complain so much about the bombastic attitude of Britain's policemen have often offended first by their own rudeness.

If the two policemen who interviewed me after I had witnessed a car crash are an example, we have nothing to complain of. I was treated with the utmost courtesy and respect—something seldom shown to a fifth-form schoolboy.—PHILIP COCKER, Reading, Berks.

Carriage Paid

I wish British Railways would install slot machines in some of their carriages. I have often craved for a cigarette or bar of chocolate and haven't dared to risk nipping out to a station kiosk during stops.—P. J. SEAGRAVE, Highfield Road, Chelmsford, Essex.

ANNOUNCING...

NEXT WEEK your favourite magazine streamlines itself to face the exacting demands of the 1960s. It takes on a fresh, urgent, and up-to-date look. The features which have made John Bull Britain's finest magazine will reach new, exciting standards.

YOU WILL GET

- Important books by the world's leading authors in easy-to-read form
- Exciting dramas from real life
- Unexcelled fiction serials by the world's greatest novelists
- The finest pictures in COLOUR
- The fascinating untold stories behind your newspaper headlines by top feature writers
- A women's section men will want to read
- An ingenious new health service
- A sparkling new approach to entertainment

ON TOP OF THAT YOU WILL GET:
more pages and they will be easier to read . . . and the
PRICE REMAINS THE SAME

IMPORTANT
Regular readers need not re-order ***BUT*** *be sure to get your copy* ***EARLY***

WATCH FOR THIS STARTLING NEW COVER

Week ending February 27, 1960

Today

EVERY WEDNESDAY FIVEPENCE

The NEW

JOHN BULL

NEVIL SHUTE'S *LAST* NOVEL

The black-white marriage which highlights the drama of modern Africa

STAR WRITER LIONEL DAVIDSON discovers LOVE AT THE TOP *in colour*

A FREE CAR OR £1,000

AT THE NEWSAGENTS NEXT WEDNESDAY!

I couldn't sell myself for

£1,000

This was
my price for
a marriage without love.

But I've been hoaxed, taunted and deceived—and I'm still single

She'll wed for £1,000
I need the money for my mother and sister
Express Staff Reporter
EIGHTEEN - YEAR-OLD Joan Collins carefully wrote out an advertisement yesterday: "Urgent. Young lady wishes to marry for £1,000 or near—owing to circumstances."
And when she had posted it off to a newspaper Joan said: "I am sacrificing love for marriage so that my mother and little sister can have some happiness in life."
She fingered her auburn hair, swept back in a tiny bun, and went on: "I know some people will think I am selling myself and that I am crazy. But I have given it a great deal of thought."
Her reasons
mother, Mrs.
she

Joan Collins sought a husband—and £1,000—to help keep her mother and younger sister (above). Soon the newspapers were on to her story . . .

I WALKED out of the luxurious warmth of a Liverpool hotel into the rain. I was on my way back to Everton Valley, a poor quarter of Liverpool, and the one room that is home for myself, my mother and Angela, my young sister.

I had just heard a man old enough to be my grandfather say he would not marry me.

I did not know whether to feel glad or sorry. The man was pleasant enough—grey-haired, distinguished-looking, a former army major with a good job in insurance. He had come all the way from London to talk things over.

Although he was over sixty and I am only eighteen, he had written that he would consider marrying me—and paying me £1,000, the price I had asked of any husband.

Later, in his hotel room, he told me: "I don't think it's fair to ask you to marry me. Now I've seen you, I know I wouldn't feel right having a bride so young."

When he spoke, my heart turned over. I knew I wouldn't have felt right either. But I desperately needed the £1,000 and the security such a marriage would have brought. I would have married him had he wanted me.

Out of desperation I had decided a couple of months earlier to sell myself in the marriage market. My father died when I was eleven, and since then we had gone down and down in the world.

Only £4 a week

Once we had run a small shop in Liverpool, but because of ill-health my mother had had to sell it at a poor price. I had been in and out of jobs, but mostly we had existed in one room on £4 a week national assistance. That gives no one a chance of happiness. In the end, to marry for money seemed the only way to escape.

So I sat down and wrote out an advertisement: "URGENT. Young lady wishes to marry for £1,000 or near, owing to circumstances." I sent it off to a national newspaper. Two days later a story about it, and a picture of me, appeared.

I knew a lot of people would think I was some kind of crank, that others would say I was selling my body, that I would be called a money-grubber. I was ready to face that, for I had thought deeply before acting.

I told one man who questioned me that I was willing to sacrifice a marriage for love so that my mother and sister could have some happiness in life.

I sincerely meant it. Even now—when I'm still unmarried and still without the money I want so badly—I don't regret that advertisement.

The major who came to see me was

by Joan Collins

Into a newspaper went Joan Collins's advertisement—and then the letters poured in from her suitors. They came from a major, a dockworker, a South African of seventy—and prospective husbands whose price was too high . . .

one of the few honest and sympathetic men I met. For the rest I've been abused, tormented, let down, lied to, offered the job of paid mistress, and invited to go all over Britain to stay with men I don't know, for purposes which they scarcely bothered to disguise.

I did not suspect that I would come to take so bitter a view of human nature, for when the first letters began to arrive after the advertisement lots of them were kind and helpful.

There were writers who offered to make a home for three of us, but not to marry me. A farmer in Scotland invited us all to go and live with him. "I want company," he wrote. "I have everything, but I'm lonely."

I guessed there would be some letters that abused me. There were. An unsigned letter from London was written in scrawled capital letters. "The neighbours, like everyone else, will think you're barmy and all you are after is some cheap publicity. What a face for any man to pay even £100 for."

The teddy boys are tough around our way. Their cries pursued me for weeks. Sometimes I was so depressed I felt like turning and running from them. But I didn't.

'You've got guts'

I was encouraged by the kindness of a few neighbours and friends who admitted they had been shaken at first by my advertisement, but who said I had a right to do as I wished with my life. "You've got guts," one of them said. I needed to have, for all kinds of tempting, but dubious, offers were coming through our letterbox.

A man in the south said he could arrange for me to live with a well-known writer, provided I would guarantee "certain services." A letter from Somerset offered to "fix me up" to earn good money.

I didn't have to be told what lay behind that letter. I was not interested. Anyway, my mother had said she must vet anyone who sought to marry me, to make sure they were both genuine and suitable.

A Chatham dockworker said he was ready to marry me, but his problem was money.

And a man of seventy wrote a ten-page letter from Durban, South Africa, begging me to wait while he raised the £1,000 and promising to sail for Britain as soon as he received a reply from me.

It all read very well till I came to the postscript. "Perhaps it would be nicer," it said, "if I married your Mum and let you marry somebody younger."

One letter came from an engineer who used a Nottingham G.P.O. number. He explained that he did this because he was moving round the country and had no permanent address. A message neatly written on the outside of the envelope encouraged me to believe his story. It said: "Please see that this is delivered as I have returned from overseas and I believe this address is for a flatlet, but to me it is very urgent. Thank you."

His offer—€1,000, marriage and a bungalow for my mother and Angela—exceeded my wildest hopes. But it was just another bitter joke.

Another letter from London, with a name but no address on it, contained a similar proposition. It told me to telephone a Liverpool hotel number the next day, if I were interested. I did so. I was not surprised to be told no one of that name was registered at the hotel.

There were many other wild goose chases. I sat for three hours in a Liverpool café one Saturday afternoon, spending money I could ill-afford on cups of tea, wondering when the waitress was going to ask me to leave. I had an appointment to meet a man from North Wales. He never came.

I don't wish to sound too soured about all this. A few, but only a few, of the dozens of "suitors" seemed sincere.

8 a.m. visitor

One of the nicest was a widower from Cheshire. He was tall and good-looking and as straight as they come. He had nothing like £1,000 and he was very firm that he could not consider marriage, certainly not at once. But he offered a home for all of us if we would care for his children. For two hours he sat in our room talking about the future, trying to persuade us to go. In the end I said No. I wasn't sure I was right, but there was no security in his offer.

Supposing we had moved in and then did not get on? We would be out on the street again, worse off than ever, without even the room we have. Supposing he met a woman he could love and marry? That would be the end of our life with him.

Another of our kindly visitors arrived at eight o'clock one morning. There was a knock on the door and when I opened it a white-haired man of about sixty was standing there. His accent was so broad, I could scarcely understand him. He was the farmer who had written from Scotland.

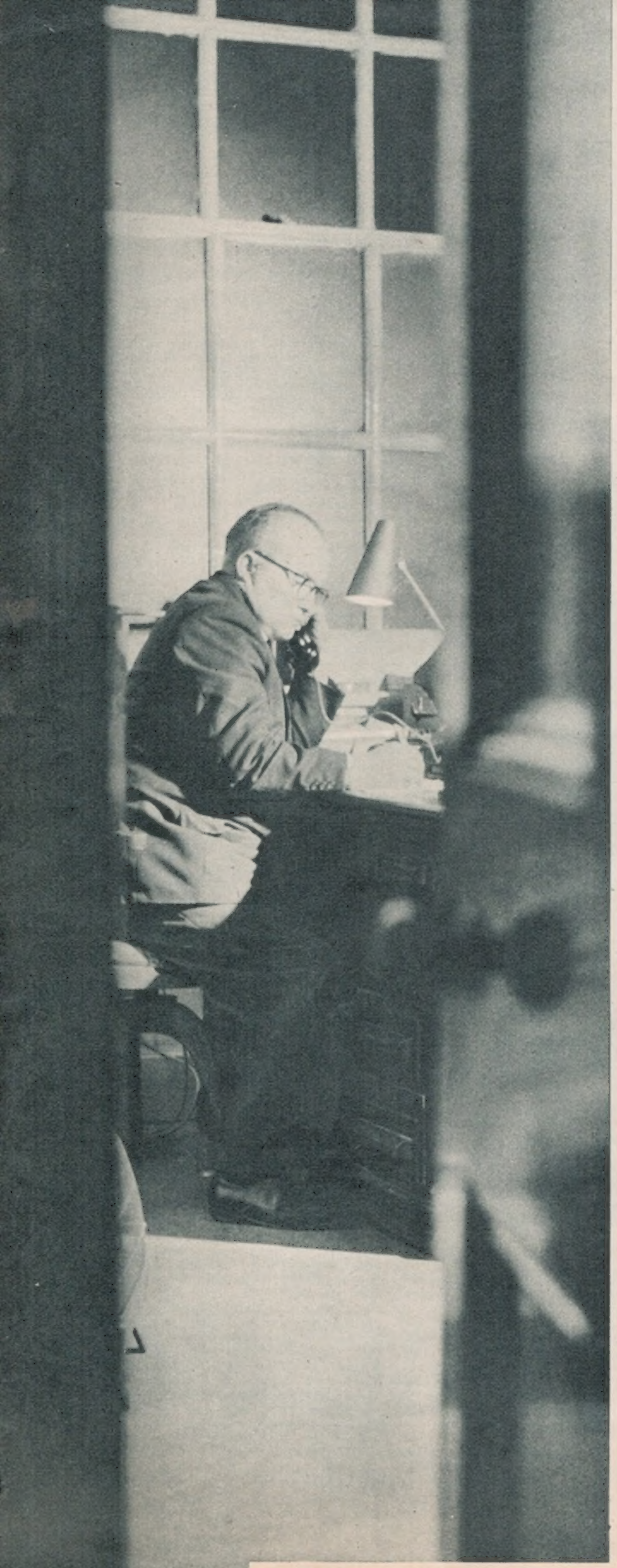
That man nearly swept us off our feet. He wanted to take us back with him there and then, and talked about putting me into technical college, and how Angela could look after his chickens. But he didn't want to marry me and there was no £1,000.

He was the last man I saw—apparently the last hope we had. Even the postman rarely knocks now, and all I have is a bundle of letters with "Answered" scribbled on them, and a newspaper cutting with the headline, "Teenaged Bride for Sale: £1,000."

I am not ashamed at having offered myself as a £1,000 bride. Many of those who blame me simply do not understand the desperation I felt, nor of the dreams I had of putting money down on a bungalow for my mother and Angela, to try to give them some happiness in life.

It is not shame I feel—only shock at being treated like some piece of rubbish to be kicked around to humour others. And surprise that even in these materialistic days I *cannot* sell myself for a thousand pounds. END

Secret society



BILL JONES was one of the few people ever to stumble on an undercover gathering of The Club. He was Labour agent for East Islington at the time and had called unexpectedly at his office on a Sunday morning. As he fumbled for his key he was astonished to hear a hubbub of voices from inside.

Jones pushed open the door. A meeting was in progress.

Those present included Gerry Healy, a ward chairman of Streatham Labour Party, and Bill Hunter, the caretaker, who had a key for cleaning purposes.

They were leading members of a group of Trotskyists, revolutionaries whose ideas are far more extreme than those of the Communist Party.

Previously, they had worked openly through the Revolutionary Communist Party (disbanded in 1949) and later through the Socialist Fellowship. When the Labour Party forbade its members to join these bodies, the Trotskyists formed their secret society.

Fake names

They took elaborate precautions to hide their identities. On Club business, Healy became "Comrade Burns"; Hunter, "Comrade Sinclair"; and Harry Finch, a Birmingham city councillor, "Comrade Mann."

The Club had cells in London, Sheffield, Leeds, Manchester, Birmingham and Liverpool. They held their meetings in out-of-the-way halls and public houses. A standing-order laid it down that if the room was overlooked the curtains had to be drawn, even in the daytime. At one pub in Victoria, members passed themselves off as an overseas travel club.

Every year, a secret conference was held in London. Members arriving by car were told to park at least a quarter of a mile away. They had to make their way to the hall inconspicuously, in twos and threes.

Discipline was strict. Those thought to be "inactive" were ruthlessly weeded out. During the Korean War, a member who opposed The Club's line at the Birmingham Trades' Council was expelled at a secret meeting for "a flagrant breach of discipline."

In November, 1958, The Club held a national conference of militant trade unionists at Holborn Hall in London. Stewards, standing shoulder to shoulder at the door, turned away anyone without a pink pass and kept press photographers away from the leaders. One trade unionist with a pass took a box camera into the hall. It was immediately confiscated. "We don't want our leaders photographed," he was told.

By this time The Club was spreading its views through *Newsletter*, a weekly paper edited by Peter Fryer. He had been a *Daily Worker* correspondent, but like many of The Club's members, he had broken with the Communist Party over its attitude towards the Hungarian revolution.

Gradually, knowledge of The Club's existence leaked out and last February it decided to come into the open under the name of Socialist Labour League, with Healy as general secretary, and Brian Behan, brother of Brendan Behan the playwright, as chairman. Within a month, the Labour Party forbade its members to belong to the League or to associate with *Newsletter*.

Among those expelled for doing so were Healy, Behan, Fryer, groups in Leeds, Birmingham and Manchester, and the entire Streatham and Norwood Labour parties.

Healy is the real master of the League. "Over two years' close work with him have convinced me beyond any doubt that he will permit no real criticisms and no real differences of opinion within the organization," says Fryer.

A dumpy, square-faced Southern Irishman of forty-six, Healy is friendly and sympathetic, with a keen sense of humour. But when he is angry, the twinkle fades from his tiny red-rimmed eyes and his jokes take on a bitter edge.

Phone tapping

I met him in his office at 186 Clapham High Street, which is also the home of New Park Publications, a Trotskyist publishing company, and Plough Press, which prints *Newsletter*.

"The telephone people are so busy tapping our lines," he joked, "that they forget to give us the pips on trunk calls." But he, too, likes to keep accurate records. He called in

THE MAN ON THE PHONE is Comrade Gerry Healy, master of the League. From this back-room office he controls cells throughout Britain, helping strikers, winning converts. The phone, he says, is tapped

under your nose

by KEITH ELLIS

- **In cities throughout Britain—1,200 fanatical members**
- **To obey orders they give up homes, families and jobs**
- **The appeal is to youth; their hope is REVOLUTION**

his secretary, Miss Vivienne Mendelsohn, to take a shorthand note of our conversation.

The League, he said, now has branches in most big cities and a total membership of 1,200 (Fryer puts it at four hundred). Five full-time organizers, who are paid £8 a week, work from London, Glasgow, Liverpool, Birmingham and Leeds.

Anyone may join the League by signing a form and paying the minimum subscription of two shillings a week. But intending members are warned they are taking a serious step. They will be expected to take lessons in Marxist theory, sell *Newsletter* outside factories and attend every possible meeting of their trade unions.

They will also be pressed to give generously. In Glasgow, for instance, five working men regularly pay £1 a week each to the League and another five shillings for the hire of a meeting-place.

Unpleasant

All but the keenest are squeezed out. One young man left in disgust after he had been hauled up by his branch committee for taking one night off a week to see his girl friend.

Members who remain welcome the calls made on them. "You can get people to do the most unpleasant jobs, if they have a purpose," an organizer told me.

Healy has a strong personal attraction, especially for young people. Sometimes he takes them into his home. His silver tongue weaves a tale of sacrifice and revolution which casts a spell over their whole lives.

When asked, they leave their homes and move to areas where they can be more useful to the League. Sometimes, they break with their families. One railwayman was told to take a job as a labourer on a building-site where the League was interested in organizing a strike. Within three weeks he was sacked as an agitator.

One young man who gave up an apprenticeship to work full-time for the League was sent many miles away from home. His parents have not heard from him in months. "He used to be spruce, clean and alert," said a friend of the family. "But when I saw him selling *Newsletter* recently, he was scruffy and down-at-heel."

George ("Jack") Gale, a twenty-eight year old ex-schoolteacher who has just become the League's full-time organizer in Leeds, told me about the inspiration he had found.

"I am convinced," he said, "that all the evils of society stem from the private ownership of property. By working for the League, I believe I can help to bring about a revolution. This work dominates my life."

He is neither a crank nor an ascetic. His ideas are well thought out and he would pass unnoticed in a crowd. He enjoys watching football, or taking his wife and eighteen-months-old baby for a spin in their 1948 car.

Yet he has given up a career for which he had previously spent four years preparing himself at Leeds University.

Although he has to repay £10 a month on the house he is buying, he is not unduly worried at the sharp drop in his income from £13 to £8 a week.

Wife a member

"We have to watch every penny," he says, "but we're not starving. Luckily, my wife is also a member of the League."

So far, the Trotskyists have had their greatest successes in industry. They have taken an active part in the South Bank dispute, the London bus strike, the Sheffield bus strike, the British Oxygen strike, the printing dispute, the dining-car strike and the Tooley Street dock strike of 1958.

In the docks, Peter Kerrigan, a member of the League's national committee, is an organizer of the National Amalgamated Stevedores and Dockers, the "blue union" which was expelled from the T.U.C. last year. "We are not in a rat-race for union posts, just to get one man in and another out," says Healy. "But

WORKERS UNITE! Healy's secretary Vivienne Mendelsohn (centre) at League H.Q.

GILBERT HARDING SAYS

ONE thing I dislike intensely is being told what to wear and when to wear it. I'm all for comfort and common sense in dress, and to my mind there is far too much formality and snobbery in the way men dress today.

Recently, a man who found the dining-room of an hotel too cold kept his overcoat on. He was pompously refused service. When he tried another hotel he was treated in the same way.

Instead of accepting this inhospitable treatment without a murmur, as many of us might have done, he sued both hotels. He won his case, with five guineas costs against each hotel.

Why should we not wear our overcoats wherever we feel cold? Or take off our jackets if it is hot?

What is so offensive about the sight of a man's braces? Absolutely nothing. The objection is purely a snobbish one; I have heard it so often —"It lowers the tone of the place," or "It looks common, Fred."

Women to blame

If anything, women's attitude to men's clothing is worse than that of men themselves. Lady Lewisham once said that if she met her husband in Bond Street without a tie, she would cross to the other side at once.

To my straightforward mind such an attitude is just plain silly.

I'm thankful there are no women to tell *me* what to wear, and I'm sure I should not put up with it if there were. I'm astonished that most husbands allow their wives to tell them what to buy.

A few weeks ago I had to visit the City of London on business. I was amazed at the dark, drab uniformity of the men. The whole place seemed to be in mourning.

This mass desire to conform seems to me stronger now than ever before, but it has been with us for many years. The Duke of Wellington was once asked to leave his club because he was wearing *trousers*.

In those days gentlemen still wore breeches, coloured coats, lace or fine linen at the wrists, and buckles on their shoes. The dingy greys, browns and blacks were left to the middle classes. But as the middle class grew more numerous, uniformity became the order of the day.

Recently, a few brave spirits have worn dinner jackets which on close inspection turned out to be dark blue instead of black. And the fancy waistcoat had a brief vogue. But in general the vast middle class has remained stubbornly sombre.

It's such a fuss

I dislike the fuss and formality of evening dress, and I was delighted when, about two years ago, the men on *What's My Line?* were told they need not wear dinner jackets. But the women said: "If we have to dress up, why shouldn't they?" And many viewers thought our fatuous questions somehow more effective if we were wearing black bow ties.

It may be that many men secretly wish for more colour. I'm told that the sales of brightly-coloured dressing gowns and shirts are increasing. But these are all things worn in the privacy of the home.

Men who were once content to wear khaki shorts and a white shirt on holiday now buy gay beach wear. They have discovered that it is no longer the gaily-coloured shirt that looks conspicuous but their old shorts. So they are all changing over.

It just goes to show that it is not colour that men dislike, it is just being different from the others.

Who is going to start a new crusade for variety in men's clothes? It won't, I'm afraid, be me. When it comes to the point, I'm like most men, too cowardly. END

continued from previous page

strikes are a school of experience. They help workers to understand the policies they should adopt."

Besides weakening society, they ensure that workers will be ready and able to seize power when the time comes.

When the League moves into a new area, the organizer seeks out agitators and invites them to discuss unemployment or some other current problem. When a nucleus has been gathered, a leader of the League addresses them at a public meeting.

He attacks the Communists, the Labour Party and especially trade union leaders. He quotes their salaries and even the makes of their cars. After assuring his audience that they can expect no official support if they strike, he tells them that the League is always ready to help them.

As soon as trouble begins, the local organizer makes for the factory gates. He offers specially-printed leaflets, legal advice and speakers. If the strike is big enough, it will be mentioned in *Newsletter*.

It is no accident that the paper doubled its circulation during the London bus strike.

Class struggle

The Trotskyists go beyond the immediate cause of the strike. They try to involve other unions, other factories, even other industries. They link the original grievance to the whole class struggle.

When a League organizer offered his services in a woollen mill strike, union officials told him they were against spreading it. He then asked some of the strikers if they would like support from the drivers who carried goods to the docks and also from the dockers. They said yes.

He called on the drivers' union. "These men at the mill need your help," he said. "The dockers have promised to come out. Will you join them?" Not knowing that the dockers had not even been asked, the drivers' official said he would think about it.

The organizer went to the dockers' union and repeated his appeal. "The drivers are coming out," he said. "You're not going to let them down, are you?"

The dockers' official became suspicious and made a few phone calls which quickly showed him what was happening. This time, the League failed to spread the strike. But in many cases it has succeeded.

Healy claims that in spite of the Labour Party's ban, "the vast majority" of his members are also members of the Labour Party. "But we do not encourage them to declare their membership of the League." If challenged, they usually refuse to answer.

Dozens of Labour parties—particularly in south-west London, Wembley, Hendon, Salford and Liverpool —are thought to have Trotskyists in their ranks. League members are now moving into Putney so that they can join Putney Labour Party, which they believe is "ripe" for them.

As a movement, Trotskyism stems from a split in the Russian Communist Party after the death of Lenin in 1924. Stalin believed the party's first duty was to make the Soviet Union strong. Trotsky thought it should foster revolution in other countries. Stalin won. "Soviet Russia," says Healy, "is now dominated by a very powerful bureaucracy which has crushed all democracy."

In Britain, the Communist Party took the side of Stalin and expelled its Trotskyists, among them Healy. "We still think it follows the Moscow line and has no independence politically," he says.

"Violence . . .?"

The Trotskyists do not believe that they can win power through Parliament; they base their hopes on a revolution. They say they do not need a slump to bring it about. It could come from a combination of world tension, weakness due to the loss of our overseas investments and worsening conditions in such industries as coal, cotton and shipbuilding.

"Whether or not it will be bloody," says Healy, "depends on the men who control property. If they resist, we shall have a revolution of a very violent order."

He is not very sure what will happen afterwards. But factories will be controlled by the people who work in them and other parties will be allowed only if they support the new society. "It would be ridiculous to have parties that wanted to go back to selling top hats."

The League is not the only Trotskyist body in Britain, but it is by far the largest. There are at least seven other national groups.

All the British groups split and reform like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope. One of Healy's early losses was John Lawrence, who after a stormy spell on St. Pancras Borough Council was expelled from the Labour Party and joined the Communists.

Last November, Peter Cadogan, a Cambridge schoolteacher, sent round a document which argued that the fight to abolish the H-bomb went beyond class-barriers. To Marxists this was heresy and he was promptly expelled.

Fryer then resigned. "If there is no room in the League for Cadogan," he said, "there is no room in it for me, either."

Though professing surprise at Fryer's resignation, Healy claims it will not affect his long-term plans.

"Ours is not a large organization," he says, "but it is very strong in political potential. We are an organization of leaders." END

Wherever they went together she saw his eyes roaming as he stared at every woman they passed. . . . Eleanor told herself he would return to her; she didn't know he was seeking someone he could never find

When a woman marries a CASANOVA

by Dr. HARRY TASHMAN

He was handsome and exciting and he swept her off her feet. But after the wedding the romance was over; he sought new conquests for his charms. . . . A famous psychiatrist reveals the secrets of his casebook

SOME men are forever seeking ecstasy—the ecstasy experienced by a child when his mother regards him as the centre of the universe.

Such a man is driven by his yearning to search continually for a substitute for that original sense of joy.

He has to search, find, and then get rid of what he has, to go searching once again. Usually he has charming ways, and knows how to reach the warm areas of a woman's emotions.

But the woman who eventually becomes the wife of such a Casanova finds herself in a relationship that brings her unbearable disillusionment.

Eleanor, as I shall call her, had exactly this problem. When she came to me for treatment, she was apologetic.

"I hardly like to trouble you," she said. "I'm lonely, and in a way I feel the only person who can help me is myself." She was lonely, she admitted, for her husband, Lewis.

I assured her that loneliness could be intense enough to be called a sickness.

Looking very embarrassed, she told me the story of her despair. Lewis had loved her most ardently during the early months of their marriage. Then she began to notice that his ardour was more acted than real, but when she confided in her mother, she was assured that this often happened at intervals in marriage.

When she had children, her mother

The doctor's squiggles and what they mean

Between the doctor's surgery and the chemist's shop almost every patient tries to decipher his prescription. Usually his curiosity remains unsatisfied. Instead of being reassured by the squiggles on the slip of paper, they probably make him feel worse than ever.

Today, some doctors tell patients what they prescribe. But the majority still prefer to wrap the whole thing in mystery. (There are occasions, of course, when mystery is justified, when it is better that the truth be kept from the patient).

THE words and symbols which doctors and chemists use are a form of jargon based on Latin and developed over centuries.

To indicate quantities the doctors use Roman numbers. As an extra precaution, dots are placed over the single strokes. So if a doctor writes III indistinctly, the three dots he puts above the strokes confirm his meaning.

Modern drugs, prepared and packed in doses at the factory, have taken some of the interest—and some of the mystery—out of dispensing. About half of all National Health prescriptions are for "made-up" medicines.

Chemists today almost never have to roll pills. And they are rarely required to mix emulsions. Within another twenty years it is likely that ninety-five out of a hundred prescriptions will be prepared in factories.

But even when supplying factory-prepared medicines, many chemists still maintain the mystery of their trade by transferring them to plain bottles and boxes marked, "The Tablets," "The Mixture," "The Lotion," and so forth. There is a case for ending this practice, too. The wrong drug would be taken, or given to children, less frequently if it were made compulsory to describe every medicine clearly on the container.

Not long ago, a doctor gave a woman with back pains a prescription which contained the expression: "tabs. cod. co." She remembered that this was exactly what her late husband had taken in the last months of his illness. She became convinced that she was dying. Lengthy treatment by a psychiatrist was needed to restore her good health.

What had the doctor prescribed? Compound tablets of codeine, a pain-killer used to treat many complaints—including the harmless form of rheumatism which the woman had in her back.

Plain man's guide to prescription-reading

℞ —means "Take thou"; it is used at the start of every prescription; nobody knows its origin.

℥ —an apothecary's ounce; it equals 480 grains, 42½ grains more than the housewife's Imperial ounce. The difference between the two doesn't sound great. In fact, 42½ grains of castor sugar would spread thinly on the unsharpened end of a pencil. But where drugs are concerned the difference might be enough to kill off the patient. Half an ounce is usually a tablespoonful.

ℨ —a drachm, or one-eighth of an ounce, one teaspoonful.

℈ —a scruple, or one twenty-fourth of an ounce.

ʃs. —means a half.

Sig —"let it be labelled."

t.d.s. —three times a day, from the Latin *terdie sumendum.*

o.q.h.—every four hours, from the Latin *omni quarta horis.*

mg —a milligramme, or one-thousandth of a gramme; a gramme is about 15 grains. Today's powerful drugs have to be used in minute quantities. "Mgs" is commonly used on prescriptions. A milligramme of castor sugar would cover about *one-seventieth* of the unsharpened end of that pencil.

mist.—mixture	tinct.—tincture	ung. —ointment
tabs.—tablets	pulv. —powder	narist.—nasal drops
liq. —solution	pil. —pills	gutt. —eye-drops
syr. —syrup	pasta.—paste	

continued from previous page

said, Lewis would settle down. But now, after five years and two children, he was so uninterested in her that it seemed as if he had never loved her at all.

He didn't shirk his financial responsibility, but he seemed unconcerned that he left her alone for long periods and that she found this solitude unbearable.

She was ready to face the problem maturely and intelligently. She asked me if psychoanalysis could improve her so she could win her husband back.

I advised her that psychoanalysis could make no such promises, but that it would help her to explore and to understand her own deeper nature.

As her story unfolded, she told how she had met her husband on a double date with her best friend Hazel. At the time Eleanor was going steady with a boy named Ralph. She and Ralph had been childhood sweethearts and everyone approved of the match.

Hazel, who had recently broken her engagement, asked Eleanor and Ralph to go with her on a blind date. She feared the boy might be a bore.

But the boy—Lewis—turned out to be handsome and exciting. His charm conquered both girls and the four made plans to meet again that weekend.

On the second date, to Eleanor's surprise, Lewis practically disregarded Hazel and concentrated his attention on her. At first, Eleanor was frightened and shocked. But Hazel soon gave up trying to hold his attention, stepping aside in favour of her friend.

Eleanor made a half-hearted attempt to keep Lewis off by subtle hints and proper attitudes, praising Hazel and intimating that she and Ralph had an understanding, but she found it difficult to stop the rush of Lewis's attentions.

Her fatal date

After that evening, he phoned her constantly. Her refusals made him even more eager and persistent. His entreaties finally broke her down, and she made a date with him.

Lewis's attentions and devotions were so inspired that her subsequent dates with Ralph became less exciting and more routine.

Confused and torn between conflicting emotions, she finally told Ralph she was no longer in love with him and was now in love with Lewis. She was ready to fulfil her promise and marry him, but she felt she had to tell him the truth about her feelings for Lewis.

Ralph was deeply hurt. He was profoundly touched by her loyalty and honesty, but if he married her on these terms, he felt she would resent him later on and they would both be bound to suffer. He had no alternative but to release her.

Her parents, with whom she had always had a warm, close, intelligent relationship, objected to Lewis's rushing courtship. It was too headlong.

There was also something about him her father did not trust. He quoted: "Birds who are quick to fledge and fly are quick to fall." But there was nothing specific her father could put his finger on. Lewis had a good job.

When Eleanor's father complained about the instability of the home Lewis had come from his wife rose to Lewis's defence: the boy could not be blamed for his parents' defects.

Eleanor's mother, though she was fair to Lewis, was worried about the romance for different reasons. She was disturbed by his impatience. He would brook no delay in his plans to get married. He wanted Eleanor for his wife, and she wanted him.

"Why try, test and wait?" Lewis asked. "What two people want, they should have." He brushed aside plans for a long engagement.

Eleanor's mother was too sympathetic to put her own wishes forward and told her daughter she must follow the dictates of her heart.

"He swept me off my feet," Eleanor said to me. "We were married without delay."

Now that she could reflect and get a clearer view of what had occurred, she

MARRIAGE—as the experts see it

More than 100,000 husbands in Britain today have left their wives, according to missing persons bureaux. The real reasons are often quite different from those given by the husbands. Here are some of the most typical symptoms—and the real causes as seen by marriage guidance experts.

Symptoms	Real causes
THE OTHER WOMAN: The husband says that he turns to another woman because he and his wife are not suited physically. He says that she is a prude.	**SELFISHNESS** and **LACK OF INSIGHT** play a major part in marriage problems. Husbands who leave home often refuse to see the wife's viewpoint.
WIFE AT WORK: The husband says that his wife is too busy making money instead of a home. He finds no home comforts when he returns from work.	**WOMAN'S NEW-FOUND INDEPENDENCE** is the cause. Equality makes successful marriage more rewarding—but also more difficult to attain.
MONEY: The husband says that hire purchase has run him into debts which he is unable to face—so he absconds to avoid the consequences.	**EMOTIONALLY BACKWARD** husbands cannot face up to their adult responsibilities. So the man runs away from his troubles—and from his wife.
IN-LAWS: The husband says that mother-in-law intrudes too much in home affairs, that he and his wife find they are never able to have any privacy.	**SELFISHNESS** and **LACK OF INSIGHT** are to blame in many of the cases in which the in-law trouble is mainly the fault of the husband.
GIPSY URGE: The husband—commercial traveller or long-distance driver—says that his job prevents him enjoying a settled home life with his wife.	**EMOTIONAL BACKWARDNESS** is the basic cause. Frequently, this sort of man did not really want a wife; he was seeking a mother substitute.

remembered a certain kind of restlessness about her husband which she noticed only a matter of days after their wedding. She recalled that when they were out together, his eyes were constantly roaming and shifting, as if he were searching for someone. He stared at every woman who passed.

She said she told herself that this happens with certain men; their glances usually return to their wives. But Lewis's glances never ceased in their wanderings.

After their two children were born his attentions diminished until they disappeared altogether. He avoided her.

It was not her nature to speak up to Lewis. Instead, she began to search within herself for the causes of her husband's defection. She longed for him, brooding and wondering why he had no similar interest in her.

In the end, she could blame only herself. There must be something about her, she felt, that was repulsive.

At the cleaner's one day, the attendant went through her husband's clothes and handed her a woman's perfumed handkerchief. She did not recognize it as her own.

Eleanor was sufficiently shocked by this incident to explore further.

In his briefcase she found the inevitable "little black book" filled with names and phone numbers of women who were completely unknown to her. She called several of these numbers and, on hearing a woman's voice each time, hung up. In despair, she was now sure of her husband's faithlessness.

She bore her grief silently for a while. Then one night she reached the breaking point. She told him that she despised him for the torture he caused her.

He appeared surprised and injured by her outburst. She blurted out her discovery of his affairs with other women. She sobbed bitterly, accusing him of placing her in a trap, since their marriage and children were confinements to her and not to him, and saying that he had cheated and betrayed her.

'Our children . . .

He did not deny anything. "I don't ask you for your loyalty," he said finally.

"Our children demand loyalty from us both," she cried.

He shrugged. "What do you want from me?"

She saw in the hard lines of his face that he didn't care about her tears and despair. He felt no duty, no sense of honour or ethics towards their children. He was neither a father nor a husband.

Even their children didn't make her an exception. Blandly he admitted that he had defrauded her of a chance of genuine love, although he insisted he had loved her when he married her.

"What have I done to make you change?" she wept. He shrugged his shoulders and said without any emotion that he did not blame her. It was something within himself, but he couldn't explain it.

To gain the strength to pull herself out of her hopeless situation, Eleanor had to explore two things. She had to understand her own development and what there was about it that made her susceptible to the kind of man she had married. And she had to understand the personality structure of her husband.

She was the only child of parents who had loved each other and loved her completely. Her father was a chemist. The family had always lived comfortably. She had been a normal, healthy, happy child whose developments followed in natural sequence.

She was pretty, so she didn't suffer the scorn or contempt directed by outsiders at some girls who are overevaluated by their parents. But her relationships with boys were rather naive. She had no reason to suspect that a person was anything but what he represented himself to be. She had never, before Lewis came into her life, met anyone to arouse that suspicion.

She came to understand that her experience with Lewis was an unhappy occurrence for which she could no more blame herself than if she had contracted an infectious disease. Her unsophisticated background had simply made her vulnerable and susceptible.

Her husband was a compulsive wanderer. To stop his natural course and remain with her would have been as impossible for him as it would have been for her to become a wanderer. His early home life had been disrupted and there had been no organized pattern of living that he could set up as a model for himself.

Eleanor's rhythm of life was in direct contrast to his. Had she been able to reflect on his background and interests and then been able to compute their meanings realistically, she would have anticipated the probability that Lewis would not remain with her as her father had remained with her mother.

The past added to the present makes the future more predictable. The experiences that an individual has had in his early childhood with his parents influence and determine the behaviour patterns of later life. END

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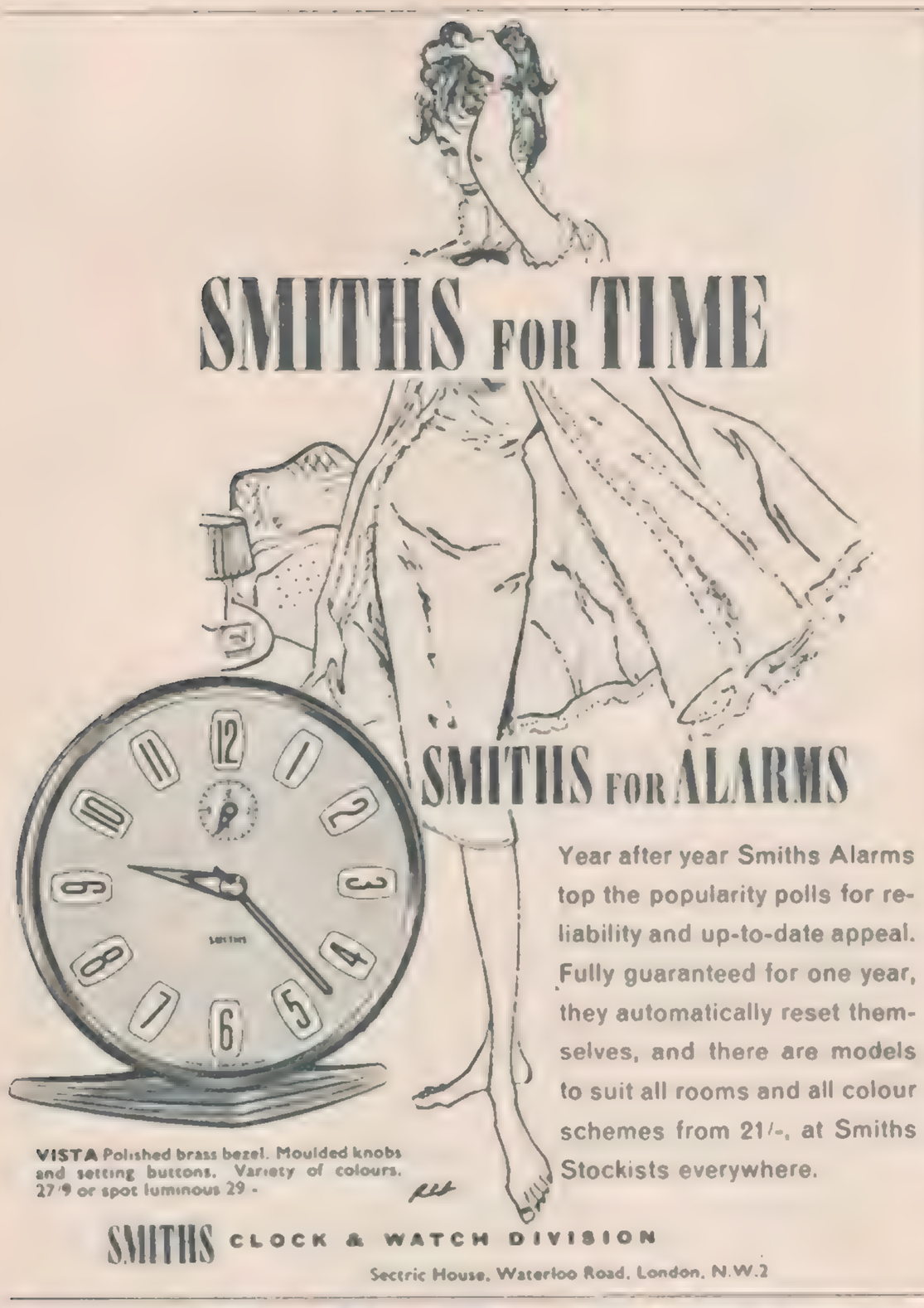
From "The Marital Bed," by Harry F. Tashman, M.D., to be published by Neville Spearman, Ltd. in March at 21s.



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14

THESE EYES *will make*

a blind man see

by ALEXANDER BARRIE

. . . But thousands who could be given back their sight will hope and wait in vain. For our surgeons' hands are tied—by red tape

THOUSANDS of people in Britain who are now blind could see again—if doctors and Health Ministry officials could agree on action among themselves.

Thirty British surgeons are skilled enough to cut away diseased corneas—the thin tissue "windows" in front of the eye pupil and iris—and replace them with sound ones from newly-dead bodies.

These surgeons could give sight to nearly all the people whose blindness is caused by cornea defects. Yet the supply of replacement corneas is so badly organized that the blind often have to wait more than a year for the grafting. "Scandalous" is how some doctors describe the shortage.

Edward Aked, a twenty-four year old proof reader who went blind, had to wait in darkness for six months before he was called to hospital for a cornea operation. Three weeks later he was home, able to see almost perfectly with his right eye.

Years of struggle

Those six months, says Aked, were the longest in his life. But to Mrs. Enid Vigor six months are nothing. After struggling for thirteen years to raise two children whom she could barely see because of increasing blindness in both eyes, she was promised *one* new cornea.

Every known treatment by injection and eye-drop had failed. She had to wait three and a half years. Then, at King's College Hospital, surgeons carried out a brilliantly successful operation.

Disturbed at the shortage of corneas, doctors at the hospital decided to solve the problem their own way. They planned to add a new question to the admission form which all incoming patients must fill in. The question asked if the patient would allow his eyes to be taken if he died.

Officials protest

When news of this reached Ministry of Health officials they objected at once. The question had to be deleted. "The ministry thought some patients might be upset," explained the hospital's deputy governor.

In fact, ministry officials admit only that there have been "temporary shortages" in one or two London hospitals.

A private member's Bill was passed in Parliament in 1952 giving hospitals the right to take urgently-needed corneas without permission, if they are sure there would be no objection from any person concerned. But the ministry promptly asked hospitals not to use their new power. Derek Walker-Smith, Minister of Health two years ago, gave a smoothly reassuring reply when asked if he was satisfied with the number of eyes being bequeathed. "According to my information," he said, "the supply appears adequate in most places."

Yet a Harley Street eye surgeon—a consultant to royalty with a world-wide reputation for cornea operations—said recently: "There is a real need for more eyes, and the Ministry of Health won't do enough about it. It will have to be kicked around until it does."

But the consultant eye surgeon to one of Britain's biggest general hospitals declares that the problem is a matter of finding one cornea for one patient just when it is needed. Eyes, he points out, can be kept for a week only.

"If an eye suddenly becomes available," he says, "we often can't find a bed for the patient in time. And if we've got the patient ready we sometimes can't find an eye."

He admits that patients may be brought to hospital, prepared for the grafting operation, and then sent home without having had it—and this can happen several times.

Research into better ways of storing eyes has not helped much. One hospital has a deep-freeze eye bank in which eyes stored at minus 79 degrees centigrade keep fresh longer—but still for a maximum of only two weeks.

Meanwhile, those who could be cured wait in darkness, and eye surgeons find replacement corneas where and how they can.

When they need one they tell other doctors, hoping that they will swoop on the next of kin as soon as a patient dies and beg to use his eyes. Many doctors and nurses hate this job, and say that some relatives are deeply offended at being asked. And while the heart-breaking search goes on, the patient is perhaps already being prepared for the operation theatre.

If the searchers are lucky enough to find a donor, the eyes are removed at once.

A junior surgeon cuts the muscle and nerve attaching the eyes to the head, presses them out and takes them to the theatre in a glass bottle filled with pure paraffin.

The specialist takes the donor eye in his left hand, wrapped in a gauze swab with the front of the eye exposed. In his right hand he takes a trephine, a small hollow cylinder with a sharp cutting rim, and then punches it into the eye.

Stitches it in

A circular piece of cornea about one-eighth of an inch in diameter is now inside the trephine. He ejects it on to a watch glass and turns to the patient—who has usually had a local anaesthetic only and is fully conscious.

Using a slightly larger trephine, he places it dead centrally on the cornea, then twists it to leave a mark showing precisely the piece he is to remove. He inserts a needle through the eye white to one side of the pupil, draws a surgical thread across the surface of the eye, and takes it through the white again on the other side.

This is done four times, to leave two vertical and two horizontal stitches lying across the eye like the grid for a game of noughts and crosses. The stitches, which are quite slack, will later hold the new cornea in place.

With great care the surgeon now presses firmly down on the eye with the sharp edge of the trephine until a watery fluid which fills the inner chambers of the eye starts to seep out.

Delicate stage

Sure now that he is through at least part of the cornea, he puts the trephine aside and lifts the severed flap with forceps. Slowly, and with great precision, he snips at it with knife and scissors until the disc of cornea comes free.

The most delicate part of the operation follows. Always the edges of the opening are ragged. They must be tidied. Using super-sharp knives and gouges the surgeon works inside the rim of the unprotected eye. A small slip could mean permanent blindness for the patient.

Now the surgeon calls for the new cornea. He slides it into place, draws the ready-placed holding stitches firmly over it, and ties them. A muscle-relaxing fluid is dripped on to the eyeball and the lid gently closed and stitched down. Finally, both eyes are bandaged. The operation has taken about an hour.

Three days later the eyelid stitches are removed. Five more days, and the holding stitches also come out. By then the graft should have taken, and the first simple sight tests are made.

It is a tense moment for patient and surgeon. In two out of ten cases the operation is completely successful. Four patients find that they have limited vision.

For the other four it is failure. The surgeon will try again—when he finds another cornea. END

THE EYES ABOVE belong to screen actress Heather Sears. She has bequeathed them for corneal grafting, an operation which often gives sight to the blind

"You're in love with Thornby, aren't you?" I asked her. "Old fellows are always warning me about women like you"

The

Maybe one day I'll find myself a girl like Meg. And maybe I'll

ROGUE and the RIVER

by OLAF RUHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

EVERYBODY said I was asking for trouble, travelling with horses around the top of Australia through the months of the wet monsoon; and when across the racing river I saw the house cut off by the floods and the woman appearing briefly on the veranda I had an uneasy feeling I had found it.

I couldn't see anything very well, for the rain was driving in such heavy grey sheets that the house, the woman and the tree-bordered river had the substance of shadows on a screen. I've never seen any other rain like that. It had fallen as a deadening weight of water, remorselessly for five days.

The only thing it couldn't quench was the heat. My coat was no good to me. I sweated till I was as wet inside as out, and then took it off.

AFTER five days everything I had was wet through and through. The sugar in the packs was wet and the flour caked against the bag. A fountain poured from my hatbrim when I turned my head; my boots stayed filled. The drinking water was all muddy, the horses restless in the night camps. I had only eight of them—my own; and they were seasoned to travelling, for I had just finished a big contract, driving cattle to the north.

All day I had followed down the river. Somewhere ahead, a day or two, the telegraph line crossed it, and I would follow that south until I came to the dry country where I belonged.

The river had been rising since I had first followed it and the house was an island in a sea. There were no stock near the buildings and I could see no men. There was still an acre or two of high ground between the house and the bank, but that was threatened.

The chances were there was no communication at all and that the woman was alone. Short of going across the river, there was no way I could find out; she had not seen me and I'd be hard to see among the trees that towered above the bank where I rode.

I DECIDED to camp. I hobbled the horses and belled the old black mare which usually led the others, and put the bridle on an old gelding I called Chocolate—I didn't quite know why I chose him, though I was glad later that I had. He wasn't the best horse, but at least he was fresh, for I hadn't used him in a month.

About a quarter of a mile upstream I found a good place to cross. There was a diagonal of water stretching downstream in which no snags or sunken trees lifted their heads and I calculated that, at the rate the river was racing and the rate I knew we could swim, I'd cross in something under the quarter-mile.

As soon as old Chocolate's withers were under, I slipped off his near side and, holding the bridle loose and the mane tight in my right hand, swam alongside. It seemed to take an age to get across, and the current was fierce. Chocolate's breath was coming in quick, hard, gasping snorts.

I should have stripped down some of my clothes before we started; I had left my boots behind, but my shirt was holding me back. But at last I sensed that Chocolate's hoofs were striking ground and I was really grateful to get astride him again.

I rode up to the house, hitched Chocolate to a pole at the foot of the veranda steps and looked about. It was an old house, small, and a bit neglected, though probably it looked worse because of the storm. Behind the house there was an open shed, and saddles and riding gear were stacked inside, but there was no sign of any vehicle nor of any stock.

I was still looking around when the door opened and the woman came out.

"Where in the world did you come from?" she asked.

"I swam the river, ma'am," I said.

She gave a little nervous laugh. "That much I could guess," she said.

"Well, the name's Corcoran," I told her. "Bob Corcoran. I was headed south. I saw the house; the flood's all around you."

"I know."

"I wondered whether there might be anything I could do."

There was a movement inside the house and then a man's voice. "Meg. What goes on? Has somebody come? Who's that you're talking to?"

FOOTSTEPS approached the door and a man came up behind her, peering over her shoulder. "Who are you? How did you get here?" he asked, and I didn't like his tone. It seemed queer, but I'd have said he didn't want to see anybody.

"Mr. Corcoran came over to see if we needed help," the girl said. She turned to me. "Are you with somebody?"

"No, ma'am. I'm by myself."

"Aren't you very young?"

"I'm eighteen, ma'am. I've been looking after myself a long time."

"Have you seen the Watsons?" she asked. "Do you know how they are making out?"

"I haven't seen anybody. Not for six days," I said.

"If you came by road you must have seen their house."

"That's just it, ma'am," I said. "I haven't even seen a road. I've been coming cross-country, following the river. I saw you on the veranda; I thought you might need help and I swam the river."

"I don't think anyone can help us without a helicopter," she said.

PUSHING her aside, the man came out on the veranda. "Are you on the run or something?" he asked, and I stiffened. "I mean," he said, "isn't it a bit unusual—you don't know where you are, you're just travelling, just following the river in the wet."

"I don't know where I am, that's for sure," I said.

"This is Rollaby station," the girl said. "I'm Meg Travers. Jim Thornby here was visiting my brother Jack—Jack owns the station; I keep house. Four days ago Jack broke a leg throwing a bullock out on the range. We took him out by road to the airfield forty miles north of here, came back in the jeep and got cut off by floodwaters. All the stockmen had cleared out before we got here; natives don't like this

deserve to . . . but I'm darned sure Thornby didn't

The rogue and the river

continued from previous page

place in the wet and we can't hold them. We're stranded."

"It's just as well I came, then."

"What can you do?"

"I can get you out of here."

Thornby sneered. "You and what army?" he asked.

I looked him over. Some would have called him handsome, maybe too handsome, and his clothes were city clothes.

The girl looked apologetic.

"In any case, come in," she said. "We haven't got much; but at least you can have a cup of tea and a dry change of clothes."

ALL the rooms were bare but clean, and the clothes she brought me had been ironed. She wasn't used to the country, I could see that, and I couldn't fit Thornby into the picture as a cattleman. The girl seemed to trust him, but I didn't.

"That river's still rising, ma'am," I said. "Once it tops the bank this side, it'll sweep up to the house in minutes. Better to leave now."

"Neither of us can swim," she said.

"I've got horses across the river," I said. "I'll bring three over and we can swim them back." Each of them would be able to hang on to a horse's tail, I thought.

But the girl had a better idea.

"The Watsons live a mile downriver," she said. "They have a flood boat. I thought they'd have been here days ago; perhaps they found the house empty. Would you go and tell them?"

"Sure will, ma'am."

I rose to go and she followed me, giving me directions. I paused by the door to say a word to Thornby, but he was going into an inner room.

"I'll be right out," he said.

I HAD Chocolate's reins in my hand when he appeared at the far end of the veranda and he had a rifle in his hands, pointing it at me.

"All right," he said. "Stand away from that horse. I'm going myself. Go on, get back. . . . You, too, Meg."

"Jim!"

"This is my chance," he said. "I'm going. You might have a long wait for the Watsons."

"Jim, you've taken the money!"

"What do you think? It's not going to be much use to you. It'll be a week before you get out of here—if you do. And I'll be hard to find."

He looked me up and down for a minute, still pointing the rifle.

"I ought to put a bullet in your leg," he said. "But you won't swim that current without a horse."

HE dug his heels in and Chocolate went off at a canter to the bank. As they dropped down out of sight I looked at the girl. She was weeping.

"Was there much money?"

She looked up. "Not that much. But enough, apparently. Jack pays everything in cash. There was jewellery, too. But that's not the point. Jim's been up against it. He's had a hard life. I knew he was tempted, but I didn't think he'd do this to me. He's been really troubled. I thought the life here would change him—and it would, if he'd given it a chance."

"You got any other rifles?" I asked.

She stared at me. "You wouldn't!"

"You bet I would. You aren't the only one lost something. That's my horse, ma'am. And there's better ones on the other bank, as he'll see."

"Anyway, I haven't. There's no more firearms at all."

I hurried over to the river and the girl followed. Thornby had hit the current and Chocolate's withers were well down, but he was still upright on the gelding's back. Chocolate was striking out well, but he was fighting the bridle too. Thornby, the fool, was heading him up against the current.

"Loosen up!" I yelled. "Get off his back!"

I turned and ran downstream, shouting, because I knew from that moment that Thornby wouldn't make it. Even if he couldn't swim, he should have slipped off the horse's back long before.

"Get off!" I yelled. "You'll have the crocodiles on you next."

That must have panicked Thornby; he struck at Chocolate's head with the rifle and the horse made plunge after plunge, lumping himself up in the current and wasting his energy.

JUST then they hit the tree. It had been floating and had got itself snagged with something underwater—another tree, perhaps. Chocolate went under. Thornby dropped the rifle and clung to a branch. The tree rolled and bucked in the current and he disappeared.

They both appeared again together. The gelding was struggling but exhausted. He swept on and disappeared and I never saw him again. It was a sad end for a game old horse.

Thornby held to his branch and yelled. A hundred yards behind me the girl stood, both hands to her mouth. For two pins I'd have left the man in the river, and I don't know yet why I didn't. Instead I stripped off my shirt, looked about for a short, thick stick, stuck it in my belt at the back and dived in.

The branch to which Thornby clung was perhaps only a quarter way across; I wouldn't have cared to swim the whole distance. I reached it about six feet from Thornby and clung on. His eyes were wide and wild and he was shouting: "Help me! Help me!"

I watched him until he began to struggle along the branch towards me. Then I took the piece of wood out of my belt and hit him as hard as I could. I caught him as he went under. I swam on my back with him and we reached the bank a long way downstream.

I might have hit him harder than was needed. I didn't want him drowning me in his panic. Anyway, he was still dead to the world when I felt the welcome mud beneath my feet and pulled him clear. I hadn't been kidding him about the crocodiles; I was really glad to get out of that river.

There was a fat envelope inside his shirt and a little bundle tied in a woman's handkerchief in one pocket. I went through all his pockets and piled his things beside him and, when I had finished, the girl was standing there.

"That was a wonderful thing to do," she said. "You saved him."

WHEN I stood up the water was lapping Thornby's ankles again. I pulled him a foot higher.

"What now?" she asked.

"I don't know," I said. I walked to the top of the bank. Higher upriver the flood had topped it, for there was a swift, wide runnel of water now between the bank and the house. It was half-way to my knees when I splashed through it.

In the stable I found a big tarpaulin and carried it back to the bank. The girl was sitting in the mud and cradling Thornby's head on her lap.

"He's dying," she said.

"I hope he does."

"He wasn't too bad. It was only an impulse that made him do it."

"He'd have left you to die."

"It was an impulse," she said.

I threw the tarpaulin down and went back to the stable. I found a lot of harness straps, a rope and two pack saddles. I couldn't carry both saddles; I had to put one down. When I came to the river the girl had unrolled the tarpaulin. She had somehow pulled Thornby up the bank and was sitting with him on the dry, oiled canvas. He wasn't yet conscious. She was shielding him from the rain.

"You shouldn't have hit him so hard," she said.

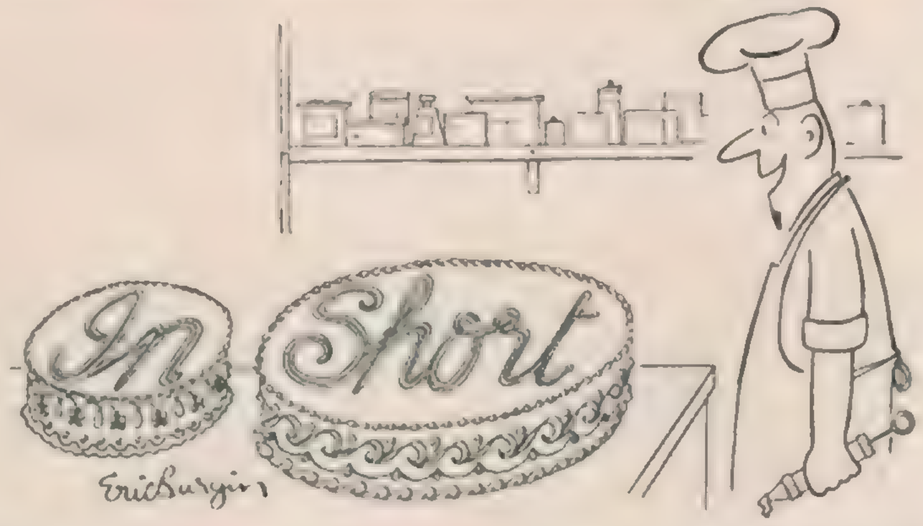
She was beginning to make me angry.

When I returned for the other saddle the runnel was above my knees. I

The Rains Came

With spells and voodoo, dance and pain
The medicine man will charm the rain.
My methods much more modern are—
I wash the car!

NOEL SCOTT



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A NEW hard-breathing wine which settles down to a quiet purr in the glass is discussed by a panel of eminent drinkers in this month's *Bacchic Review*. Read also, "What Makes A Wine Witty?" a symposium by members of Wine Writers' Association.

E. S. TURNER

House Buyer's Guide

Detached....*Not quite joined up.*
Imposing....*Has stone balls on gate posts.*
Of superior character....*Ditto, with stone urns.*
Centrally situated....*Looks out at pickle poster.*
Bus stop near door....*Garden full of bus tickets.*
Quiet cul-de-sac....*Busy car park.*
Adjacent golf-course....*Windows need replacing.*
Handy for station....*Backs on shunting yard.*
Tudor period....*1920-39.*
Modernized....*Has ding-dong door-bell.*
Cottage with character....*Cottage without drains.*
Twin-aspect lounge....*Draughts from two directions.*
Ceilings recently redecorated....*Tank recently overflowed.*
Garden with fruit....*Garden with blackberries.*
Yours tomorrow....*Yours in 1980.*
Snip....*Agent confident of £80 commission for price of one ad.*

RUPERT LANG

Note From The Head

I do agree that you have brought Lionel up to be helpful, but sometimes he does not seem to know quite the right time to choose. I found him at my desk during break the other day shuffling the contents of my "in" and "out" trays and arranging them in what seemed to him alphabetical order.

Miss Tubb, who takes him for English subjects, says she cannot stop him from cleaning the blackboard. If she pauses for a moment and turns to explain something to the class, he has dodged round her and wiped everything off. Orders, and even punishment, are no use. He seems to feel a martyr in the cause of helpfulness.

Now he has got hold of some keys and is always locking doors. If he finds an open window he shuts it; closed windows he opens. If he gets at the boilers again the caretaker will resign.

It might be a good thing if he joined a Scout troop and learned to do ONE Good Deed a day.

R. G. G. PRICE

Point Of View

The optimist
Sees
The stars
Through the bars,
Feels
The glow
In the snow,
Hears
The lark
In the park,
Smells
The rose,
As it grows.

The pessimist
Sees
The grey
In the bay,
Feels
The chill
On the hill,
Hears
The crows
As he sows,
Smells
Decay,
All the day

JOHN R. TAYLOR

"Gee, Frank, you're easy to follow"

threw it down and she asked me: "What in the world are you doing?"

"We're going across the river," I told her. "You can put him down and get up to the house. Pack a couple of suitcases with clothes and blankets and anything valuable. Anything else shove on top of cupboards and tables."

"You're mad," she said, staring, but she must have found some faith in me, or she was frightened of me, because she went. I rolled Thornby off the tarpaulin, bunched up its narrower ends and strapped them into tight bundles. I fitted the pack saddles beneath the bundles into the pockets thus made and ran up to the house.

She had four suitcases open and she was throwing stuff into them. I pulled the blankets out of one.

"It's too much?" she asked.

"It's not enough," I said. "We need the suitcases, even if they're empty."

She shrugged her shoulders as though I were mad and went on packing. I took an armful of bedding and two of the cases and went back to the river. The girl followed me, her hands full.

Three of the suitcases, laid down flat, just fitted in between the pack saddles and jammed them apart.

"It's a boat!" the girl cried.

"Sure it's a boat." I went on jamming the blankets between the suitcases and the sides of the tarpaulin until we had a little canvas craft, pointed at either end because of the angle in the centre of each saddle.

"You're going to leave him behind," she accused.

"No, ma'am. Help me lift him."

We put him dead-centre in the craft, then I tied the strapped ends together with the rope and pulled it tight, so that the boat curved up from the centre towards the ends. It floated high, but the trim was wrong, with one side down, so I unpacked the fourth suitcase and redistributed the weight.

"We need paddles," the girl said. She was smiling though still anxious.

"We won't paddle this one, ma'am," I said. "You'll sit near him, dead-centre, and not move. Get in, ma'am."

Quickly I stripped to my underwear I strapped my belt around my waist and took the rest of the rope, now hanging from the bow, tied a big knot in the end of it and slipped the knot under my belt.

It wasn't as bad as you might think. For all its bulk, the canvas craft had little weight and it rode high in the water. I hadn't invented it: I'd taken my saddles across a river that way before; but I never had so long a swim.

My breath gasped out and I thought my heart would break. I shifted the tow-rope knot to my side and turned over on my back. The girl was kneeling, one knee either side of Thornby, and I could see a movement of his head.

"Keep him still!" I yelled, and she nodded vigorously.

I rolled back and put every effort I had into swimming. My only chance was to keep trying: to pull the load an inch or two at a time across the current.

I felt dizzy. My arms were weak and I thought I wasn't getting anywhere. But then my foot hit the mud. I stood up and tied the rope round a branch.

I did a silly thing then; I fainted—and that's the truth of it. And there were people on the bank. By some fluke or other the Watsons, a mile downstream, had seen us go past. They put me to bed when we reached their house and I went to sleep.

When I woke up it was early morning, and the girl was in the room.

"You saved us. You saved us all," she said. "The river's still rising; it's up ten feet. The house will be under."

"I saved myself, too," I reminded her. "There's no thanks necessary. If you get out now, I'll get dressed. I've got my horses to look to. And then I've got to get Thornby to the police. I don't like characters who pull guns."

She nodded as though she'd expected it. "I thought it was that," she said. "Jim isn't really bad: just weak." She was pleading with me. "We've talked it over. It was a lesson to him, the way he was nearly drowned. He gave way to a weakness, that was all, and he'll never do it again."

I said: "I wonder if he'd feel the same if he'd got away with it?"

"Look here," she said, and pulled out a bundle of notes. "There's a hundred pounds, and it's yours."

"I don't need rewards," I began.

"It's not a reward. You'll earn it if you forget there was ever a gun."

"You're in love with him, aren't you?" I asked. "Old fellows are always warning me about women like you. They say women in love are stubborn and unreasonable, but I hadn't met any." She didn't answer, and I went on: "You'd tell the same story he did, wouldn't you? So I'd be the one that was wrong."

"Look," she said. "I owe you everything, but I'd back him up and there's no one would believe you."

I nodded. "That's the way people are, I suppose. So give me the money."

Meg handed over the roll, looking surprised. I counted out £40 and handed the rest back. "That's what Chocolate cost me," I said. "That's what you owed me."

She leaned forward and took my hand between both of hers and let the money drop on the floor. Tears were gathering in her eyes. "You're not going to tell?"

"I don't know you," I told her. "And I don't know him. But you're doing more for him than I'd care to. Maybe it will work. Maybe it will come good."

"Promise?" she begged.

But I didn't promise, I didn't tell either. Someday I'll find a girl who'll do a thing like that for me; and I reckon I couldn't let her down then.

Watson spoke to me a little later. "Your mate's going to be all right," he said. "He's got a slight concussion; but I guess he was lucky not to get killed when the tree branch hit him."

"He's a lucky guy," I said. And I went to collect my horses. END

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THE BURNING EYE by VICTOR CANNING

SULTAN FOR A HOSTAGE

Wellard had condemned his friends to death. Now he must gamble to save their lives—even if it cost his own

IN the remote port of Sugulli in ex-Italian Somaliland a strangely-assorted handful of Europeans were fighting a desperate battle for their lives.

To Christopher Wellard the outcome looked inevitable. They would all die, all of them who had survived the sinking of the Cambria—cabaret artist Lily Pincott, painter Howard Fisher, the Rev. Henry Blaikie, confidence trickster Johnny Royce, seaman Ted Harkness, lovely Juliet Barclay. . . . And he, because of his greed, would be responsible for their deaths.

Wellard, a ship's doctor, had learned that the Sultan was trying to keep the discovery of oil in Somalia a secret. He feared it would delay the granting of independence to his country. He had ordered the murder of Harmer, an American engineer, who had made the discovery, and of Harmer's native wife.

After Maria, the American's small daughter, had been brought to the *albergo*, Wellard found papers belonging to the American which gave the location of the oil field.

He knew how valuable this information was—and he wanted money badly, sufficient money to be able to admit his love for Juliet, a rich girl in her own right.

Unfortunately for Wellard and for his companions, the Sultan learned of Wellard's find. With cold ruthlessness Ali Yacquibi planned the attack that would end in the death of the Europeans he hated and despised.

Leaving his jealous, power-crazed brother, Sheik Jibarti, to carry out his plans, he went back to his house at Libah on the far side of the lagoon.

It was only a matter of time before Sultan Ali Yacquibi's warriors, now massed for the attack, crossed the causeway from the mainland and overran the *albergo* by sheer weight of numbers. . . .

As they crept out stealthily, with Harkness carrying the limp body, a woman gave a wailing cry of alarm. "Run," shouted Wellard. "Run for it"

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

FINAL INSTALMENT

MORNING came without incident. Dracopoli sent Fisher and Royce below to eat while he and Wellard stayed on the roof. After a while Wellard said: "Surely with a machine-gun we should be able to hold them off for days?"

Dracopoli shook his head. "We have very little ammunition for it. Enough, maybe, for one night."

"You don't think we've any chance?"

"None. The Sultan has all the men he wants—and arms. And it will be at night. They will rush along the causeway and the boats will come in from the lagoon. . . . When they get near enough they will set fire to the place."

"But how the hell can he get away with that? Sometime or other your captain will come up here. There'll be an inquiry."

"Of course. But not a soul in Sugulli will tell the truth. No, *dottore*, the Sultan is safe. Men with his power can make the truth be what they want it to be."

He waved a hand towards Sugulli.

"By this time in the morning the boys would be up here, women would have come down to cut reeds and the men with fish and supplies for the hotel would have appeared. But do you see them? No, *dottore*, we are dead already except for a miracle."

THE three of them were on the small shoulder of rising ground to the right of the road that led to Sugulli. Ali Yacquibi sat on a small pony, the animal restless so that now and again Jibarti moved aside to avoid it. The Khalifa Hassan Jebro sat on a rock close to them.

Lower down some of Jibarti's men sat in little parties, a few carrying rifles, but most of them armed with their *warans*. Out on the lagoon the boats had drifted a little nearer the shore.

Without looking at Jibarti, his eyes on the *albergo*, Ali Yacquibi was giving his orders for the attack. As soon as midnight was past, the

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The burning eye

continued from previous page

boats were to close in from the lagoon. The men with rifles in them would keep up a running fire at the *albergo*. At the same time a party of men would attack the front of the *albergo* with rifle fire.

No one was to move along the causeway or land from the boats until one boat, under all this diversion, had gone to the northern tip of the little promontory and landed a party of men to set fire to Lieutenant Dracopoli's headquarters. The fire would do most of their work for them and anyone who came out of the *albergo* would be killed.

ALI YACQUIBI gave these instructions in an even, harsh voice. And Jibarti, listening to him, sensed that his own importance in all this was no more than a detail. If he could have his way he would attack, caring nothing for the number of men he lost.

Ali Yacquibi pulled the pony's head round and began to ride away. The Khalifa rose and, taking the right stirrup, walked alongside the pony as they made their way towards Libah.

After a little while the Khalifa said: "Allah has taken you beyond me."

Ali Yacquibi shook his head. "Allah has not given me your holiness, Hassan Jebro. Last night on the roof top when I told the English doctor that all should be killed, I waited for you to curse me and forbid me. You have the power of *il kullul*."

At the mention of *il kullul*, the burning eye, the power of some priests to curse, the Khalifa straightened.

"Why should I turn on you the burning eye, my son? My curse would not stop you. But already it is on you, not from me, but from the Great One."

Ali Yacquibi said: "I am in Allah's hands. The moment of death is in His mind."

"It could be soon, my son."

Ali Yacquibi looked up at the blazing eye of the sun. "Jibarti?"

"He will come back with blood on his *waran* to kill you."

THAT morning the ragged crescent of boats lay off the *albergo*. Inside, two men at a time took up watching duty on the roof. The roof of the headquarters abutted on to the roof of the *albergo* and they could cover it.

After midday the drumming started—a swift, frenzied beat that hammered at taut nerves. Out on the lagoon a great mass of boats congregated and everyone went up to the roof to watch the ceremonies of Au Hiltir's day.

In the centre of the crowd of boats was one with a white awning under which the Sultan and his brother Jibarti sat. Quite close to it was another boat in which were the chickens and goat to be sacrificed. Alone in this boat, squatting on a dressed goat's skin prayer mat, was the Khalifa Hassan Jebro, naked except for a loin-cloth.

Dracopoli said: "After the sacrifice, they light fires on the island and around the shores and eat."

"This noise," said Juliet, "is enough to drive any crocodile miles away."

"The Khalifa's boat is moving away from the others," said Blaikie.

The Khalifa squatted again on his rug and the boat drifted on until it was a couple of hundred yards away from the flotilla. Then he leaned forward and began to put overboard the sacrificed fowls, their legs bound. The current took them ahead of the boat.

When the first of the line was a stone's throw ahead of the boat there was a sudden breaking of water and the bird disappeared. Momentarily there appeared a long, grey snout. Then rapidly the water was churned into a white foam as the crocodiles rose.

SUDDENLY, the water was calm again. When it was quite still, the Khalifa stood up and moved forward in his boat and picked up the goat, turning from side to side to show it to the assembled Somalis, then flung the goat into the water.

It came to the surface, shook its head, and, bleating, began to swim.

"Heavens, look at that!" Juliet stirred suddenly beside Wellard.

"The papa crocodile," murmured Dracopoli.

Half-way between the goat and the tail end of the island the water had broken gently and a long length of grey-white hide glittered under the sun. It moved forward with scarcely a ripple towards the goat. When it was a couple of yards from the beast it sank and then, abruptly and with no more than a faint swirl, the goat had gone, too.

"Au Hiltir! Au Hiltir!"

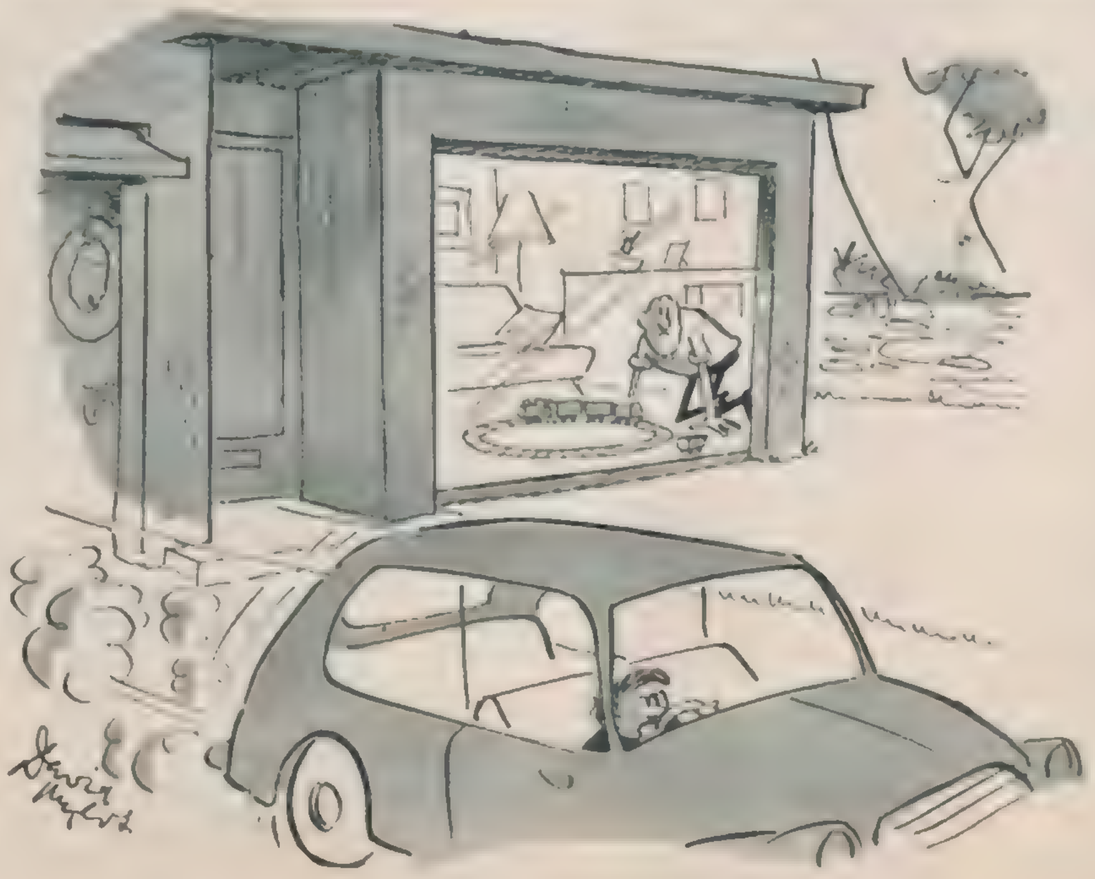
The drums crashed and the voices shouted the saint's name in a wild burst of frenzy. The next moment men and boys were flinging themselves over the side of their boats.

"The regatta's over," said Royce lightly. "Now we just wait for darkness and the fireworks. . . ."

CROUCHING behind the forward roof parapet with Dracopoli, Wellard held an Italian carbine rifle. The jeep lights stabbed through the darkness along the flooded causeway.

Behind them, from the far parapet, Fisher, who was with Royce, called: "Why don't they come?"

From the darkness beyond the causeway there came a shot. The bullet



smacked against the wall of the parapet.

Dracopoli glanced at his watch. "One minute past midnight. The Sultan is a religious man."

"Punctual, too," said Wellard.

There was another shot. A few moments later firing began simultaneously from the land and from the boats on the lagoon. There was a crash as the windscreen of the jeep went.

Dracopoli said: "They want to put the jeep headlights out." He began to fire his carbine methodically, taking his time, and Wellard followed him. The range was too far for him to see the effect of his shots.

Royce called: "The boats are coming in a bit closer."

"Keep firing, slowly," Dracopoli called back. "If they get too close, I'll bring the machine gun over."

There was a splintering of glass below them and the jeep lights went out.

DRACOPOLI said: "It is soon now that they will come. Keep firing down the line of the causeway."

"They're not coming. The shots are as far away as ever," said Wellard.

Dracopoli called over his shoulder: "Can you see the boats?"

"More or less," shouted Royce. "They seem to be in the same place."

"It is Jibarti who leads this," said Dracopoli. "I saw the Sultan ride off with the Khalifa just before dark."

"Jibarti would rush in?"

"Yes."

"Then what's holding him back?"

"I should like to know. . . ." Dracopoli turned his head. "Cease firing."

They stopped firing. But from both sides the Somali fire went on.

Wellard moved to the far wall of the roof, where the ammunition was stored, to bring a box back to Dracopoli. He was asking himself what the Sultan would have planned.

As he straightened up with the box, there was a lull in the firing, and in that moment's silence he heard something away in the darkness beyond Dracopoli's headquarters. Rifle fire burst out again. He stood there, waiting for a lull. When it came, he strained his ears and briefly he was sure that he caught the sound of paddles.

IT came to him then. The Sultan was too intelligent to make a bold, expensive frontal attack. Why waste men when a boat could go flanking away to the north and come up unseen behind Dracopoli's headquarters and set the place afire. It would go up like a torch.

He hurried back to Dracopoli. "Quick, give me your revolver. I think I know why they haven't gone for us yet."

Silently Dracopoli handed the revolver to Wellard.

He took it and went, half crouching, quickly across the roof to the parapet over the *carabinieri* headquarters. He dropped to the lower roof and ran along its length.

At the far end the yard below was a great block of darkness. Then, as he stood there, listening, he heard a man grunt.

He swung himself up on to the parapet, revolver in his hand. As he did so the darkness below was suddenly pricked by a red, glaring eye in the corner to his right. The red glow spurted into a tiny flame, and then became a leaping blaze of light as the bamboos and rushes piled against the wooden framework of the house caught fire.

In the sudden light every detail of the yard below was picked out. He could see the drawn-out shadows of the four men who stood before the fire.

WELLARD fired and the man nearest the flames went down. The others looked up and saw him. Two turned and began to run for the archway, but he fired again quickly and one dropped to the tiles. The other stumbled, gave a cry and Wellard saw him stagger and smash into the arch side and collapse.

Wellard jumped for the ground. As he did so, the remaining man flung his *waran* at him. The spear passed above him. He hit the man's legs and they went down together. He felt hard, vibrant muscle under his hand, felt the other's body twist and jerk to throw him free, and the movement of a hand forcing itself between them to get at the knife which the native wore in the top of his loin cloth. Before the Somali could reach it, he brought up his right hand, jabbing the revolver between them, and he fired.

He pulled himself to his feet and the Somali lay below him, his blood black against the tiles under the fire's flames. The great pile of rushes was now well alight, flames leaping high. Away on the *albergo* roof he heard the machine gun open fire. He ran across to the cistern and grabbed the cut-down oil drum which Dracopoli kept as a dipper. He ran back with it full and flung the water on the flames.

FORTUNATELY the fire was still feeding on its own body of rushes and bamboo and had not taken hold of the building yet. After a few drums of water had been thrown on, it died down.

"You all right, Doc?"

Wellard looked up. It was Harkness.

"The lieutenant sent me . . . Lord love us, listen to that!"

From the direction of the causeway came the sound of men shouting and the chatter of the machine gun.

"Here, I'll give you a hand up. . . ."

He reached up for Harkness's hand, standing on the open low base of one of the window arches to the room. Harkness pulled him up easily, and they ran back and climbed to the *albergo* roof.

Wellard threw himself down by Dracopoli and seized his rifle.

"What happened?" asked Dracopoli.

"They tried to set the place afire. Four of them. I was just in time."

Dracopoli looked at Wellard's shirt. "You are all right?"

"Yes. They started to attack?"

Dracopoli nodded. "When they saw the first flames they began to come across. . . . But they've drawn back. They were going to rush us when the place started to blaze. That must have been the Sultan's plan. Jibarti, I think, will now go back to him for fresh orders."

The door of the small roof entrance opened and a figure came out and began to cross to them.

"Keep your head down," Wellard called.

It was Lily and as she came up to them he saw that she was carrying a tray with a whisky bottle and glasses. She squatted down by them and said: "Everything's all right below. I thought you could probably do with some of this."

She began to fill the glasses and hand them round. Dracopoli thanked her and Royce said: "Florence Nightingale Haig."

Lily asked: "Will they come again tonight?"

Wellard could hear the forced control in her voice. Nobody answered her and she laughed and said: "Sorry—damn silly question."

AS she moved away, Howard Fisher went with her to the roof door. He had his arm about her and Wellard could hear the low murmur of his voice. At the door he saw Fisher pull Lily to him to kiss her. Wellard turned his head away.

His debt to everyone in this place was great and it was no good, he told himself angrily, sitting here and making no effort to pay it off. Time was running out fast. Anything was better than just waiting and he had a plan of a sort.

He went over to Dracopoli and squatted by him. "You think the Sultan will be out there with his men, or at Libah?"

A little puzzled, Dracopoli said: "He leaves the fighting to Jibarti. He will be at Libah."

"What men will be up there? In the house?"

"The Khalifa. One guard at the door. Maybe one on the roof, but this is not certain. Every fighting man will want to be down here."

"Then there's a chance."

Dracopoli was silent for a moment, looking shrewdly at Wellard. Then he said: "You are thinking of kidnapping the Sultan. Am I right?"

"It's our one hope," Wellard said. "He's the only safe conduct that will get us out of here. He sleeps up on the roof of his house. I'm going to get him and bring him back here."

"You're crazy," said Royce.

"It's worth trying. I can take the boat the Somalis left and circle right around the lagoon and up to Libah. I can do the thing in less than two hours. I'll take Harkness with me."

"Why him?" asked Fisher.

"I'm a ship's officer. He's the only one left from the Cambria's crew . . . he'll come."

"All right, *Dottore*," said Dracopoli. "You go."

"I'll lay you ten to one in cowrie shells you don't make it," Royce said.

WELLARD filled his pocket with bullets for Dracopoli's revolver and for the revolver with which Harkness was already armed. When he was ready, he picked up the whisky bottle. Harkness had been left on guard on the far roof.

"I'll take this as far as the end of the other roof. I'll leave it there."

He walked away from them and they said nothing.

He found Harkness in the corner of the parapet overlooking the courtyard. Wellard put the whisky bottle in his hand.

"Take a swig."

"Thanks, guv." Harkness tipped the bottle to his mouth and swallowed, then lowered it, breathing hard, a strong, broad-chested man in singlet and dirty canvas trousers.

"We've got a job to do, Harkness. You and me."

"Anything you say, Doc."

"We're going up to Libah in the boat those Somalis left behind. We're going to kidnap Sultan Ali Yacquibi. Once we've got him back here we can walk out without trouble. All right?"

Harkness slowly raised the bottle and took another pull. Then he set it down carefully on the parapet and said: "Okay, sir."

They dropped over the side of the parapet into the courtyard and Wellard went into Dracopoli's quarters. He came back carrying the large silk sheet which covered Dracopoli's bed, a length of rope and a cloth from the kitchen.

Harkness, standing in the corner of the yard by the dead fire, rubbing ashes on his face and arms, said: "What's all that for, Doc?"

"We'll have to truss him up and gag him to keep him quiet in the boat." He bent and began to rub the damp fire ashes into his face. "If we can do it without shooting, so much the better. There may not be any men up there at all. . . ."

THEY pushed the boat out through the reeds and crouched low in it, paddling it gently northwards towards the sea. Wellard planned to swing out in a great curve to the east and then slowly come round to head south for Libah.

After half an hour they saw the red prick of fires through the darkness. They were the fires which the Sultan's people had made at intervals along the shore. To their right Wellard could now make out the glow of light under the awning on the house roof.

He turned to Harkness, pointing out the glow. "That's the place. He'll be on the roof under that awning."

"What do we do, Doc? Walk in and get him?"

Wellard smiled in the darkness at the man's tone. "Just that. There's sure to be a guard on the door, but don't shoot. Just use your revolver like a club."

He paddled on. A few minutes later he ran the boat up on to the open beach

MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE

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The burning eye

continued from previous page

some yards to the right of the house. They waded on to the beach and began to walk up it.

The entrance to the house was cut back into its face. A Somali, a shadowy huddle squatting against the wooden door that backed the arch, looked up as they stood over him. His head was cupped sleepily between his hands. Harkness bent forward and swung his clubbed revolver, hitting the man on the side of the temple. He collapsed against the door.

They pulled him aside and propped him against the arch wall with his spear thrust between his legs and resting against his shoulder as though he slept. The whole thing was done quickly, wordlessly, as though it were something long rehearsed between them.

SLIDING past the door, they were in a short corridor which opened into an oval-shaped hall lit by a couple of native lamps in wall niches. Three doors opened off the hall and also a steep run of stone steps. Wellard could feel the sweat running from his face as he began to climb the stairs.

Towards the top the darkness gathered again and for the last four or five steps he went forward blindly, his hand groping ahead of him. He felt rough wood under his hand, and then an iron handle. He twisted the handle gently and to his surprise it moved.

"If there's a guard—you take him," he whispered to Harkness. "And if anything goes wrong, look after yourself."

Light broke through the crack of the opening door and he could see one corner of the awning and the edge of the low table that stood under it. He pushed the door back swiftly and stepped out on to the roof, swinging round rapidly to where the door guard might be. But the door was unguarded.

HE ran forward swiftly. The Sultan was lying on the narrow bed at the back of the awning, his head propped up on a sloping wooden rest. Wellard smashed down on the man, his hands clamping about the thin, strong neck, just as the Sultan opened his mouth to call. Ali Yacquibi threshed wildly and his thumbs jerked deep into Wellard's eye sockets, blinding him with a red flare of pain. Then, suddenly, there was no resistance.

Wellard sat back on his heels panting, and saw Harkness bending over the Sultan, wrapping the thick cloth about his face. He helped Harkness roll the man over. They wrapped the sheet about him and roped him up.

"He'll be out a long while. I hit 'im a fair crack, Doc." Harkness bent down and, putting his arm around the Sultan, worked him over his shoulder.

Wellard went over to the roof door and down the stairs, revolver in hand. He beckoned to Harkness.

They were half-way across the hall when one of the doors opened. A soft wash of light flooded the hall.

Wellard spun round. In the doorway stood a woman. She gave a long wailing cry of alarm.

"Run!" shouted Wellard. "Run for it!"

THEY ran out past the unconscious guard. Wellard pulled the door shut and hung on to it, while Harkness hurried away with his burden. From the house now came a pandemonium of cries. Someone tugged at the door, but he hung on until he judged that Harkness was well away. Then he let go the door and ran after him. He caught him up on the beach. Harkness waded out and dropped the Sultan into the boat.

They pushed off quickly and began to paddle. As they did so, from the darkness of the dunes away to the right, they heard the thud of horses' hooves. From the house and the roof top came the sound of women calling and dark figures appeared at the top of the beach.

They took the boat out, going up towards the lakeside fires and then turning northwards into the maze of small reed islands. They paddled strongly, forcing the boat along. Gradually the noises died behind them. . . .

Through the open door which led on to the flat ground above the lagoon at the back of the *albergo* Wellard could see, as he straightened up from Fisher, the first smoke-grey touches of dawn light begin to spread along the eastern horizon. Fisher, stripped to the waist, was lying on the shabby sofa, a blanket over his legs. A bullet had lodged in the shoulder muscles of his right arm.

Wellard had come down with the first sign of morning light to take off the rough bandage which Juliet had put on. While she held a lamp he had taken the bullet out. It was a neat, clean wound.

Wellard turned and went into the little room where Ali Yacquibi sat tied in a chair, his hands and arms pulled back behind him, his feet bound to the lower rungs. The man said nothing, watching him intently. Wellard went across to Harmer's little daughter, Maria. She was sleeping on a small bed against the wall. She was curled into a tight ball, the sheets half slipped from her to the floor. He bent and put them back on the bed.

He turned to Ali Yacquibi before he left the room and said: "In a little while they will bring you some food."

The Sultan said nothing.

WELLARD crossed the room to the stairs and went up to the roof. Dracopoli, Blaikie, Royce and Harkness were sitting together in the centre. He walked across to them and sat down.

"Now that we've got the Sultan, you really think we'll get out?" It was Royce.

"So long as we have Ali Yacquibi with a revolver at his stomach, we've a chance." Wellard turned to Dracopoli. "If we took the Sultan as a hostage—how far should we get?"

"You're thinking of Jibarti?"

"Yes."

"The Khalifa might hold him back for a couple of days . . . I wouldn't trust him. He has all to gain from his brother's death."

"You'd take the risk?"

Dracopoli shrugged. "What else is there? There is the same risk if we sit here and wait for a boat to call."

Wellard said: "Lily's got some breakfast under way. I'll keep watch up here while you eat. I'm pretty sure the Khalifa will be along soon."

The Khalifa came out of the water over the causeway on to the higher ground of the open space before the *Albergo Commercio*. He advanced a little way and then stopped.

He heard a noise behind the *albergo* door and suddenly it was pulled back. Two men came out, both of them carrying revolvers. There was the Lieutenant Dracopoli, a man for whom he had much respect, and the other was the Englishman, the doctor.

Dracopoli, in Somali, said: "Listen carefully, Hassan Jebro. The Englishman is taking his people to Kandala and I shall go with him and your people will give us free passage."

LOOKING at Wellard, the Khalifa straightened a little and said: "Before we talk I must see with my own eyes my lord, Ali Yacquibi. He must be here before me."

Dracopoli translated to the Englishman and then he went back to the *albergo*. When Dracopoli returned, the Sultan was with him.

Ali Yacquibi walked slowly, for his feet were hobbled closely and his wrists were pinioned behind his back. There was a patch of plaster on his temple.

"This is your master," said the Englishman, with Dracopoli interpreting for him. "He is unharmed. But unless everything is done as I order, he will surely be killed."

The Khalifa said: "It shall be as you order."

"Good. Then all the boats on the lagoon must return to Libah. All the fighting men beyond the causeway must return to Libah and the people of Sugulli must be ordered to stay inside their houses from sunset this evening until dawn tomorrow. This evening I go to Sugulli with two others and if we are attacked then the Sultan will be killed. By dawn we shall be gone and the Sultan will be left behind—but only if we are not attacked."

The Khalifa bowed his head and then said: "You require mules and camels for your journey to Kandala?"

The Englishman's face changed, the thin lips moving to a faint smile and he put up one hand and ran it through his untidy brown hair.

"We require nothing but obedience."

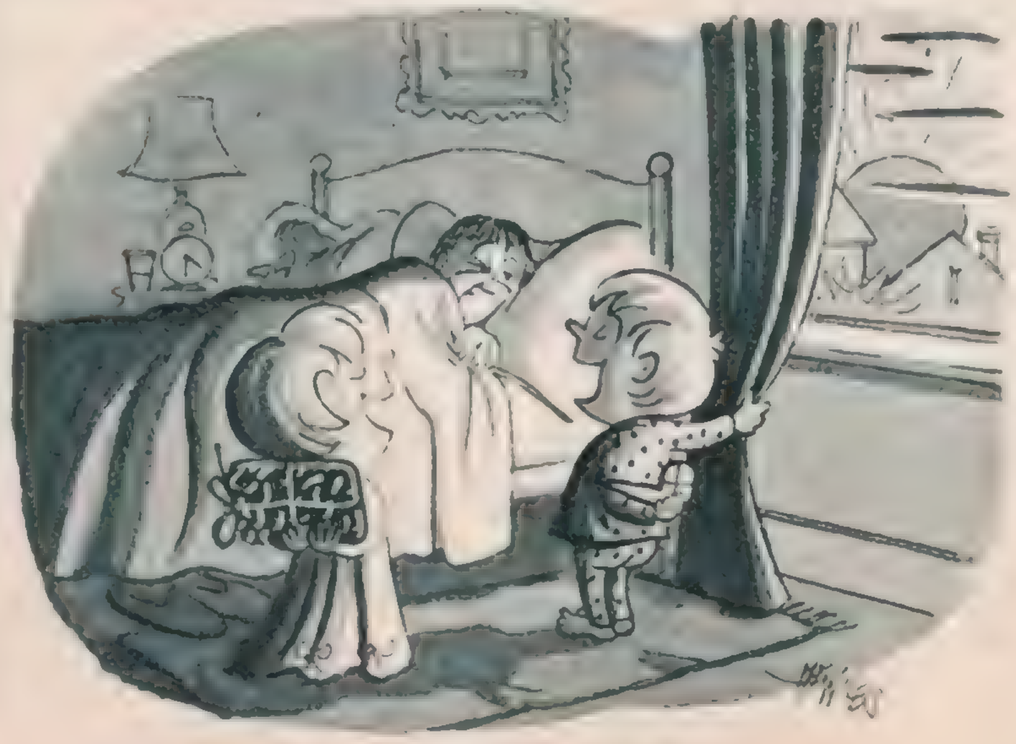
Puzzled, the Khalifa looked at the Sultan.

"Do as he says," said the Sultan.

The Englishman turned and spoke to Dracopoli and the three of them went back to the *albergo*, taking the Sultan with them. The Khalifa watched them disappear into the building and then began to wade back across the causeway. On the far side, standing forward from his men, he could see Jibarti waiting for him.

From the roof, when the Khalifa had

Helping Hands



"Happy birthday, dear Daddy,
happy birthday to you . . ."

returned, Dracopoli and Wellard watched the Somalis moving away south to Libah and, later, the small flotilla of reed boats turn and paddle into the sun haze across the waters of the lagoon.

Dracopoli said: "When it is dark they will return. Not the boats, maybe. But the fighting men will return. When you go to Sugulli they will not be far away."

"It's a risk. But we've got to take it," Wellard said. "We wouldn't get far along the road to Kandala. With every hour Jibarti will find it harder to hold himself back. But twelve hours could be enough. You can explain things to the others. All we need is food and water—and luck. And what I need," he smiled at Dracopoli, "is a shower and a change of clothes."

He went down from the roof, took a shower and shaved and put on clean clothes. Afterwards he lay back on his bed, feeling the tiredness running through him like a drug. There was nothing to do now but wait for dusk.

IN the darkness the three of them stood outside the *albergo*. Harkness and Yousseff had carbines slung over their shoulders and carried small hand axes. Wellard had a Beretta .38 automatic pistol and a torch. From the doorway behind them Dracopoli said: "Good luck."

Wellard said: "The moment we get back we all leave."

He turned and began to walk towards the causeway. Harkness and Yousseff followed him. They waded into the water and the wake of their passage made the reflection of the stars dip and dance.

They went across the causeway and there was no noise except the splash of water around their legs. As Wellard's eyes became accustomed to the darkness he saw that the immediate slopes of sand dunes and the rising stretch of road were deserted, but beyond them the night was too black to see anything.

At the far end of the causeway they began to move up the road. They reached the small wall of the cemetery and a figure stepped out towards them. Wellard flashed his torch on. The Khalifa came farther into the light.

Without turning, Wellard said to Yousseff: "Ask him what he wants."

Yousseff spoke to the old man and the Khalifa replied.

"Is alone, *signore*," Yousseff said. "Say he come to see your orders are not broken. Come with us to Sugulli."

"Tell him to walk ahead."

YOUSSEFF spoke to the old man and he began to move along the road to Sugulli ahead of them. Wellard switched off his torch and they followed.

Somewhere away to his left Wellard caught the sudden stamp of horse's hooves. Then silence except for the brittle noise of drifting sand in the wind. Yousseff came close to him as they walked and said quietly: "They are out there, *Dottore*. Not even the Khalifa could keep them away. Like damn children, they got to see what happens."

"Go ahead and tell the Khalifa that, if our people hear but one shot, it will be the end of the Sultan."

Yousseff caught up with the old man and Wellard heard them talking. After a while Yousseff dropped back.

"He say there will be no trouble."

There were a few lights ahead of them now, coming from the houses in Sugulli. Two of the village dogs came wandering down the road, barked at them, and then were silent, following behind them suspiciously.

They came to the row of palms fronting the beach and now the night air was full of the smell of the houses and cooking, the smell of people and animals and drying fish. They reached the head of the beach and Wellard said to Yousseff: "Tell the old man to stay here."

He turned as Yousseff spoke to the Khalifa and looked at the houses. All the doors were shut but from the barred windows he caught a glimpse of movement and knew that the people of Sugulli were watching.

He jumped down on to the sand and Harkness and Yousseff followed him. The Khalifa stood on top of the low wall and watched them.

Together they went down the beach to where the Sugulli fishing boats were drawn up on the sands. There were seven, and among them was one bigger than the rest with a small mast stepped amidships. The boat would take eight people. Not in comfort, Wellard thought grimly. But no one was concerned with comfort.

"All right," he said. "You know what to do, Harkness. I'll keep watch."

"Yes, sir."

HARKNESS turned away to the nearest boat and Yousseff went with him. Wellard saw them climb over the side and the next moment the sound of their axes bit through the night as they smashed at the thin floor boards.

Wellard looked back at the Khalifa. The old man was leaning forward, his small head thrust out as he listened to the sound of splintering wood. Wellard got the impression that the gloom behind the old man had thickened, that others were standing in the shadows of the palms.

He knew that they must now understand what was happening. And he knew, too, that at this moment it needed only one wild cry from a tribesman, one angry movement from Jibarti, to set them off, to start them sweeping down across the white sands in a black tide. . . .

His hand tightened on his pistol and he prayed that the power of the Sultan and the presence of the old man would hold them. To his left he heard Yousseff and Harkness begin on the floorboards of another boat. They all had to go except the one they would use.

ONE of the Sugulli dogs came racing down from the palms. Braced back on its haunches before him, it snapped and barked. Wellard made no movement or sound to scare the dog away. The dog barked and snarled. To his right now, the sound of axes thudded through the night. The sound of the dog's barking beat through his ears. He had to hold himself back from swearing at it, from reaching for a stone to silence the animal.

The sound of the axes was suddenly still. Out of the gloom Harkness and Yousseff appeared. With their coming the dog was silent, all anger gone. It moved away in a side-long lope across the beach without further interest in them.

"Right," said Wellard. "Let's get this tub out."

He turned, setting his shoulder against the stern, and the others took up station one on each side. They began to ease the boat down the steep slope to the sea. It went slowly at first. Then, as the bows dipped, it ran easily to the surf.

Wellard scrambled up over the side and sprawled across the stern thwart. As he righted himself he could feel his body trembling all over with the release of tension.

"Take her out on the sweeps."

He grabbed a sweep and dropped it into the steering notch. They were now twenty yards from the surf, and as he looked back he saw the pale loom of the sands break into a slow, spreading movement of shadows, washing down across them steadily as the Somalis who had been fringing the palms came forward towards the sea.

Yousseff and Harkness saw them too, for they bent to their sweeps and the boat went out rapidly. Wellard said to Harkness: "You think you can manage this thing?"

Harkness chuckled and Wellard knew that the sound marked the easing of strain in the man. "It's got a sail, Doc, and it floats. I could take it right up to Suez."

THE light from the lamp on the table in the main room of the *albergo* rose and fell in the draught from the door to the terrace. Blaikie sat in his chair near the entrance to the little room, a carbine resting clumsily across his knees. So far, in all the trouble, he had not fired one shot and he was hoping now that he wouldn't have to. He was content to play the part of jailer to the Sultan.

Lily came down the stairs into the room carrying her hamper of doves. She crossed the room and put the hamper down by the door.

"You're taking those?" asked Blaikie.

She straightened up, smiling at him. "Why not, Padre? If we get out I've got to go back to work. Can't work without these. A girl's got to think of the future. Still," she winked at him, "it may not be for long."

Blaikie smiled. "You and Howard Fisher are very friendly. . . ."

Lily laughed. "He needs someone to keep him in order."

"Well, I wish you every happiness——"

"Hey, not too fast. Got to land him first."

"You will, I think."

"Well, if I don't—there's always my art." She raised her arms and did a swift dancing turn, laughing.

Blaikie said: "Where is Fisher?"

"On the roof with the others. Keeping an eye open for the boat." She went towards the stairs. But at the foot she paused and looked back at him. "I hear that if we get out you're taking the kid back with you."

"Yes. I shall adopt her."

"It could be tricky."

"I don't think so. At least. . . . Well, I shall try my best."

Lily nodded and then went up the stairs to join the others on the roof.

Blaikie sat there, watching the door to the terrace, hearing the faint wind noises in the palm outside and feeling the warm draught moving across his face and hands, his mind occupied with thoughts of Maria.

From behind him to his right, a voice

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The burning eye

continued from previous page

full of quiet forcefulness, cut into his reverie.

"Stay where you are and don't call out."

Blaikie swivelled round in his chair, his hands gripping at his carbine. Ali Yacquibi was standing in the doorway with his hands resting on Maria's shoulders. The girl's eyes were full of sleep. In his right hand the Sultan held a knife.

"If you shout or move, it will mean the child's death."

The Sultan's hand came up from Maria's shoulder. Blaikie saw the glint of the steel blade, recognizing it as one from the *albergo* kitchen.

"Put your carbine down and she will be safe," Ali Yacquibi said. "This I promise. Even when the rest of you die, she shall live. This I promise for I have seen your love for this child."

SLOWLY Blaikie bent down and put the carbine on the ground. The Sultan stooped swiftly and picked it up.

"I shall leave her on this side of the causeway. Give me time to reach it. The people on the roof are watching the lagoon. They will not see me. If the alarm is raised before I reach the causeway, she will die."

The Sultan said something in Somali to the child and she began to move with him to the far door of the *albergo*. They disappeared through the door and Blaikie sat in his chair, his throat dry, his body trembling. He sat there until he was sure that the Sultan must have reached the causeway then he rushed through the *albergo* door.

He found her, standing bewildered at the water's edge, and from the darkness of the causeway he heard the distant splashing of the Sultan making his way across. He swept the girl up into his arms and only then, as he carried her back to the *albergo*, did he begin to call and shout to the others on the roof.

They left the *albergo* with Youssefi and Harkness at the two sweeps and with Wellard manning the other sweep at the helm. They had come into the lagoon over the bar with a freshening north-east wind behind them. Going out, the sail was useless and it had been dropped, unfurled and ready to be hoisted once they were outside. If, Wellard told himself grimly, they ever got outside.

NOW the tide was half an hour beyond full and the current would take them out once they reached the lagoon mouth. Blaikie and Juliet were sitting on the floorboards just below him, Blaikie with his arm round Marie who was wrapped in a blanket.

The Sultan, shut up in the same room with her, had talked to her; and the girl, awed by the man, knowing him as her chief, the blood of her mother strong and instinctive in her, had done all he had commanded. He had told her that she must get him a knife, and she had obeyed.

Seeing the child's dark face turned upwards under the starlight, Wellard remembered his return to the *albergo*; the confusion, the sense of despair, Blaikie's distress that he had had to let the Sultan go; and over all the driving need for speed, to get away before the Sultan could organize an attack. . . .

Now they had to run the gauntlet of the narrow outlet to the sea. It was a hundred yards wide and had no more than two or three feet of water in it.

He felt a hand on his knee. It was Juliet.

"Look," she said, and she pointed northwards.

A half a mile away, a bright point of light suddenly gleamed, then grew and lifted a yellow and red tongue skywards.

"They've lit a fire on the side of the inlet," Wellard said.

Up forward Dracopoli called: "As we go through, drop the sweeps and get down." On a box in the bows he had mounted the old machine gun, and Royce, Fisher and Blaikie had their carbines.

The sweeps sang against the water and the high-prowed boat moved quickly forward towards the fire. Silhouetted against the glow they could see the movement of men. Carried on the wind to them came the sound of voices.

Wellard leaned on the butt of the steering sweep to correct their course a little and heard Blaikie murmuring something to the child. Juliet looked up at him and there was the ghost of a smile on her lips and her eyes shone almost as though there were tears in them. He reached down with his free hand and touched her shoulder.

Amidships Lily began to work the hamper pegs free from her dove container and, seeing Royce watching her, said: "Before I go, they go. Pity we all haven't got wings."

Royce replied: "Don't rush things, old girl. There's always hope, even after they've put the handcuffs on you. Look at me, heading straight for a Somali spear or Dartmoor. But I'm still hoping. . . ."

ALI YACQUIBI sat on his horse watching with Jibarti and the Khalifa from the crest of the sand dunes. Behind them the tribesmen were massed, all silent now, all of them watching the boat which laboured its way like some great water insect towards the mouth of the lagoon. In his right hand Ali Yacquibi held his own silver-mounted rifle which Jibarti had brought for him.

From the boat, less than a hundred yards away now, there came the sound of a carbine firing. A bullet whined over Jibarti's head. He moved his own rifle to the ready and, looking at the Sultan, said: "It is now?"

The Sultan shook his head. "Let them come into the mouth of the channel first. I will fire the first shot." Already he was straining his eyes to pick out the growing shapes of the people in the boat. His would be the first shot and it would be for the English doctor.

He turned to Jibarti and said: "Tell the men to go forward, but to do nothing until they see me come forward and fire."

Jibarti whipped his pony around and rode back a few yards to the tribesmen. From the boat there came now a regular pattern of carbine shots.

The Khalifa, one hand on the Sultan's stirrup, said: "This is Jibarti's food and drink. Even the killing of women."

"And mine, too, when Allah wills it," answered the Sultan harshly. He was thinking of the moment when he would fire the first shot and the tribesmen would rush into the water.

THE first shot should be for the doctor. And his second would be for Jibarti, a shot to be lost in all the confusion of firing. Jibarti must die too, for Jibarti was ripe for death. If he lived after this, his madness would be too big to hold, his pride, fed by his brother's humiliation, too swollen to trust. But the Sultan said nothing of this to the Khalifa, sensing that the old man must already know.

The tribesmen moved past them like a swift black mist spreading down the slopes to the inlet. Jibarti came back. The boat was now approaching the mouth of the channel and they could see the out-going current beginning to take it.

"It is now," said the Sultan and he began to ride slowly forward. The shapes in the boat were hard to pick out for they were all crouched low. But at the stern, where he manned the sweep, the white shirt and the peaked cap of the Englishman were visible.

The Sultan raised his rifle, his knees gripping the horse's flanks, steadying it, waiting for the moment of stillness as he lined his sights on the white-shirted figure in the stern of the boat. He held his target and heard Jibarti move away, to be ready with his men the moment the shot was fired.

ALI YACQUIBI smiled and squeezed the trigger of his rifle. In front of his face the night exploded into a shock of steel and flame and the violence slashed into his eyes and flesh, ripping and bursting through the living skin and bone. He fell backwards from his horse, twisting and screaming, and crashed to the ground behind the Khalifa.

By the time the old man could recover himself and turn, there was no movement from the Sultan. And, as the tribesmen's shouts rose into a mighty roar, he saw Jibarti watching from a few yards away.

Jibarti said: "It was the moment. With my own hands I loaded the gun and plugged the barrel."

The Khalifa lowered his head and said: "You are the chief. All is in your hands."

Jibarti whipped his horse round and, raising his rifle, gave a great shout as he spurred forward to join his men now sweeping down to the water's edge.

The Khalifa knelt at the Sultan's side. Allah had at last turned away his head from him, but in the moment before turning it had been the eye of Allah, the burning eye of Allah, which had destroyed him.

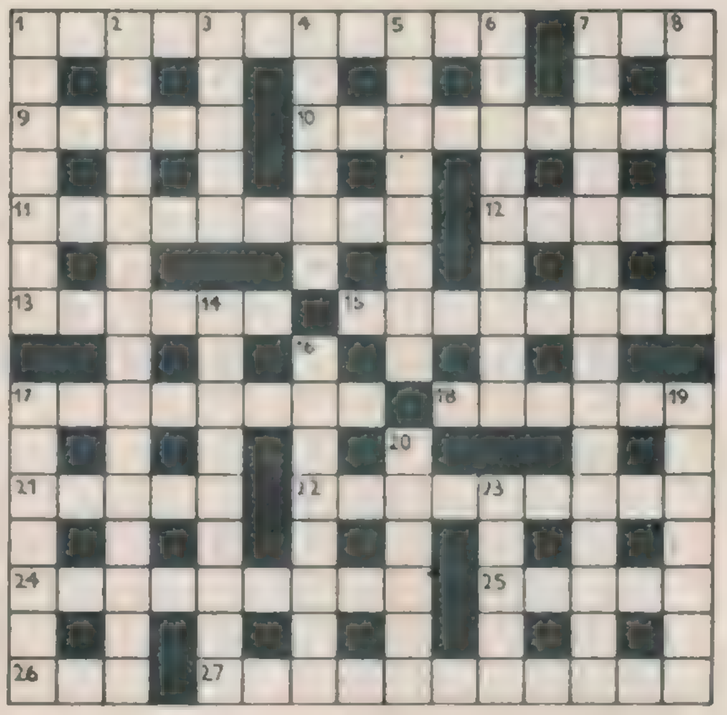
He stood up, straightening slowly as though the weight of his years were now almost too much for him, and he faced the channel.

BY now, the current held the boat strongly. The Khalifa saw two men rise in the boat, firing down at the approaching mass of bodies. He saw the black streak of a *waran* plunge into one of the men and the man fall.

The tribesmen now were only a few yards from the boat and Jibarti was with them, towering over them as he forced his horse on. In another moment a hundred hands would be on the gunwale of the boat, to hold it, to force it

THE LESLIE STOKES CROSSWORD (No. 15)

Prizes of one-guinea Book Tokens will be given for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries must be marked "Crossword No. 15" on the envelope and must be posted to reach this office (John Bull, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1) by Tuesday, February 23, 1960. No correspondence can be entered into about this puzzle.



ACROSS

1. All with a notion to become a brass-hat? (7, 4)
7. A second-half success from 20. (3)
9. Put on a show. (5)
10. Solicited orders for tents? (9)
11. Tin proved to be frugal. (9)
12. Acceptable at the present time. (5)
13. As the cameraman's answer may be. (6)
15. Cheers up with a couple of television sets? (8)
17. I am a long variety of tree. (8)
18. It's touching, giving way so wrongly. (6)
21. In which a slippery customer turns on me. (5)
22. Wrinkles from the newspapers. (9)
24. Upset, putting extra runs on the board. (9)
25. The hidden force of Verdi. (5)
26. Commonly hit on retiring. (Rather corny.) (3)
27. Trouble in the Varsity boat? They must pull themselves together. (6, 5)

DOWN

1. Little Augustus has an inclination within to puff like one. (7)
2. Where people go to the pictures—behind Nelson's back. (8, 7)
3. Spokes in wheels, geometrically speaking. (5)
4. Davy Jones's is down under. (6)
5. Twist the country, apparently, with a singular 12. (8)
6. Different angle Asia takes to eliminate pain. (9)
7. Hopes of a fortune from the pools? (7, 8)
8. They're barely visible in the colonies. (7)
14. No amateur sleuth on the hill, this guardian. (9)
16. Intellectual balding in front? (8)
17. Elephantine—and extinct. (7)
19. Doubtful character. (7)
20. Port of inward confusion. (6)
23. Where one may feel on the shelf. (5)

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 13

ACROSS: 1, *Got it all off pat.* 9, *Oppress.* 10, *Estonia.* 11, *Egoist.* 12, *Emphasis.* 14, *Entertain.* 15, *Clang.* 16, *Racer.* 18, *Eyes right.* 20, *Bailiffs.* 22, *Bossed.* 24, *Sherbet.* 25, *Charade.* 26, *Reverberations.*
DOWN: 1, *Gooseberry bush.* 2, *Tips out.* 3, *Treasurer.* 4, *Lost.* 5, *Open-minded.* 6, *Fetch.* 7, *Amnesia.* 8, *Far-sightedness.* 13, *Tale of a Tub.* 15, *Cormorant.* 17, *Chinese.* 19, *Gestapo.* 21, *Imbue.* 23, *Scar.*

WINNERS OF CROSSWORD NO. 11

Miss Alice Macpherson, 35 Provost Reids Road, Montrose, Angus.
Mr. C. G. Moreton, 25 Berkeley Close, Rochester, Kent.
Mr. B. Parker, 39 Broadsands Avenue, Goodrington, Paignton, Devon.

JOHN BULL'S FREE INSURANCE GIFT

John Bull has pride in announcing that its unique Free Insurance Gift will continue in force, with the same benefits and conditions as apply at present, in TODAY, the New John Bull.

Registered readers automatically qualify for the benefits of the scheme; they need not re-register. But if any change of address or newsagent has taken place, full details must be sent to TODAY (the New John Bull) Insurance Department, 96 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Readers requiring full details of the Free Insurance Gift should write to the above address.

over. He heard the child scream with terror, her voice soaring above the low roar of men's voices.

Then from the bows of the boat a man half rose and the barrel of a machine gun swung in a short arc. With the swinging the gun began to stammer, rapid and vicious into the night, and the men close to the boat halted as though a great hand had swept across them.

The Khalifa saw men fall, saw the water pocked with the angry, thick, white bursts of bullets like hail beating on it. Jibarti's horse neighed with terror and reared up. In the movement the Khalifa saw Jibarti's hands outflung, his rifle falling away from him. The machine gun swept back again, mowing a great swathe through the packed bodies. And then it was suddenly silent. . . .

Now the boat was free on the waters, the men falling away from it, and the current took it, swinging it broadside, but bearing it on . . . out towards the blackness of the sea.

The Khalifa went forward and, as he moved swiftly down the dune slope, he saw three men coming out of the water carrying Jibarti's body, his head drooping awkwardly, the dark face turned up with the eyes wide and staring.

The sun came up over the stern and with it the wind strengthened. On their port hand the land began to loom through the morning haze. Wellard handed the steering sweep to Youssef and stood up to move forward.

Blaikie and Harkness were asleep on the floorboards with Maria between them. Lily and Fisher lay just aft of the mast. Fisher was asleep, his head on her shoulder. Lily raised her head as Wellard came by. She said nothing, but she smiled and gave him a wink.

Behind them Dracopoli snored loudly and Wellard felt a great pulse of affection for the man. Their machine gun ammunition had been limited—enough for two short bursts—and Dracopoli, the old Africa-bitten soldier, had known exactly when to use the gun.

FORWARD of the mast Juliet sat with Royce. Royce had his jacket loose over his shoulders, hanging open over his bare chest. The rough shirt bandage round his chest was stained in two places with blood. The *waran* had cut through his side scoring the skin deeply, an ugly, messy wound, but not serious.

Wellard sat down by them and lit a cigarette. "How do you feel?"

Royce grinned. "Shaky, old man. Shaky, but on the mend. I may go down but I always come up again." He paused for a moment, eyeing Wellard speculatively. Then he went on: "We're heading for Kandala?"

"With this wind, yes. Kandala, or the first boat we see."

"What are you going to do about me?"

"Nothing."

"The blind eye, eh?"

"Wherever we go ashore, it'll take me forty-eight hours to get around to reporting all the facts about the Cambria party. But you want to watch that wound."

ROYCE laughed, and turning to Juliet said: "I once offered him good money to do just this. Now I get it for free."

"Is it for free?" Juliet asked quietly.

Royce chuckled. "It isn't touching my pocket."

Wellard shook his head. "I give you up. You'll go on just the same?"

"Why not, old man? The leopard can't change his spots. This one doesn't want to, anyway. I'm content to be what I am and to give other people the chance to finance me to a happy life."

He lay back gingerly and, staring at the sky, drew on his cigarette, letting the smoke escape with a contented sigh.

Wellard put out his hand and took Juliet's. They sat in the bows and above them the great curve of the sail was suddenly radiant with the light of the rising sun.

THE END

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"The Burning Eye" will be published as a novel by Hodder and Stoughton on March 17. The price will be 15s.

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If one of the family is down with 'flu that means lots of soiled and germy hankies and linen to be boiled.

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ANNOUNCING...

Here is a brief foretaste of some of the best-selling fiction and brilliant features you'll want to read in next week's issue of . . .

Today THE NEW JOHN BULL

The last story of a master

WORLD-FAMOUS author Nevil Shute died last month leaving behind him one great unpublished novel—a story as fascinating, as deeply moving as anything he has ever written.

He called it *Trustee From The Toolroom*. TODAY, the New John Bull, has secured the exclusive rights to publish it.

For the last time, millions of readers will next week know the thrill of reading the opening chapters of a new work by the man to whom these glowing tributes were paid: "He was a great man, whom millions of us will sorely miss" (*Daily Express*); "Probably the best story-teller of his generation" (*News Chronicle*); "Shute, the master" (*Daily Mirror*).

Trustee From The Toolroom is a masterly story by a superb craftsman. His hero is Keith Stewart, a diffident, white-faced man who leaves his happy home in Ealing and sets off across the world to trace a missing fortune in diamonds.

Without money, with no experience of the world, Stewart flies to Honolulu, sets off on a crazy two-man voyage to Tahiti . . . then boards the fabulous yacht of an American tycoon. . . .

No one who has loved and enjoyed the work of Nevil Shute can afford to miss this great story, which begins next week in TODAY, the New John Bull.

Our man at the Palace

RICHARD COLVILLE is the most unorthodox press agent in the world. He clashes with photographers, dislikes gossip columnists and has had dozens of tiffs with editors.

He makes no secret of his mission, as the Queen's press secretary, to protect the Royal Family from intrusion.

"In fact," writes Wilfred Greatorex in next week's TODAY, the New John Bull, "Colville is more than just a link between the Palace and journalism. His influence grows and the Queen looks to him for advice about her public activities."

He deals directly both with the Queen and Prince Philip. Almost daily he talks to the Queen on the internal telephone.

During Princess Margaret's visit to the West Indies a photographer was offered £10,000 for a picture of the princess bathing. "In a drawer of his desk," writes Greatorex, "Colville has remarkable proof of that occasion—a shot of a policeman watching a photographer snatching a picture."

Love at the top

TODAY, the New John Bull, sent star writer Lionel Davidson to the little Swiss mountain village of Klosters—because Klosters has suddenly become Europe's top chi-chi winter resort.

"Nobody is quite certain how the rage for Klosters started," writes Davidson. "Anatole Litvack, the film producer, thinks *he* began it. Irwin Shaw, the Hollywood writer, says *he* did. A dapper little character who announces himself, with a just-perceptible click of heels, as Major Rupert Blum, says it's really all *his* doing. . . .

"Right types, the major explains, will keep coming to a place only if they know other right types are there. 'Parents with a young gel to get off want to be sure that she'll meet the right sort of young fellow. At Klosters, of course, she will. We've turned it into that sort of place. Sort of friendly, don't you think?' "

Just *how* friendly is described by Davidson in *Love At The Top* next week.

Only Lionel Davidson, whose newly-published novel *Night Of Wenceslas*—serialized recently in John Bull—is still receiving rave reviews, could have written this delightful article.

It is gay, light-hearted, perceptive, and it is illustrated with two pages of magnificent photographs in full colour.

Jumping around the world

DO you ever JUMP for joy? . . . at the first opportunity? . . . out of bed with a light laugh at 6 a.m.? . . . higher in your neighbour's garden than your own? . . . half an inch farther at Melbourne than Helsinki?

Do you ever LEAP on the left side of the vestibule between the inner and outer doors of the North Audley Street entrance of the American naval headquarters in Grosvenor Square, London?

Do you think it's easier to HOP in the Customs room at Northolt Airport rather than between the passport control room and the runway at Le Bourget?

If so, you will find the full, fascinating explanation next week in TODAY, the New John Bull.

Fashion spies of Paris

EVERY year a corps of ruthless international spies stealthily descends on Paris—armed with notebooks, pencils and phenomenal memories.

These eagle-eyed operators are in the front-line of the international fashion war. Their mission: to attend the fashion shows of the exclusive Paris salons, to note or sketch details of the latest designs, and to send them back to factories all over the world.

By the time the salons release the pictures of their cherished designs, these factories will be working at full stretch—on copies.

René Lecler reports next week in TODAY, the New John Bull, on the fascinating counter-espionage tactics of one of the men who is out to catch the pirates—Jacques Besson, shrewd, painstaking, thirty-six year old police inspector in France.

"The obvious type of criminal does not interest me," says Besson. "Intelligent crooks nowadays don't rob banks or the mails. They steal ideas. It is much less dangerous—and more profitable."

Eighty per cent of Besson's suspects are women, a fact which makes questioning difficult. "With a man you can use logic . . . but a woman will argue against logic. But she is emotional and often gives herself away."

Besson believes in taking his suspects by surprise—and his favourite time for surprises is five o'clock in the morning, when people "fall over themselves making mistakes."

A wonderful opportunity for every reader

Today the New John Bull announces a great free competition

WIN THIS

Vauxhall Victor

LUXURY FAMILY SALOON

Plus Running Expenses for the Year

OR

£1,000 CASH FREE!

WITH spring on the horizon, now's the time to start thinking of getting out and about.

TODAY, the New John Bull, looks ahead to spring with a FREE competition in which YOU can win a brand-new Vauxhall Victor de luxe family saloon car—fully taxed and insured—together with a cheque to cover your running expenses for the year . . . or, if you prefer it, £1,000 cash . . . absolutely FREE!

All you have to do is to imagine that you are guest announcer on a *Family Favourites* type of programme, and are faced with selecting ten of the "requests" listed on the coupon. Which ten would you choose to make up the best-balanced and most entertaining programme?

No order of merit or order of performance is required. Simply place a cross (X)—in ink—in the blank space against each of the ten musical items you select.

You cannot afford to miss this wonderful prize—enter NOW . . . and be sure to see TODAY, the New John Bull, next week when you can have a further attempt — FREE!

INSTRUCTIONS AND RULES

Subject to these rules, a Vauxhall Victor de luxe saloon car (fully taxed and insured) together with a cheque to cover running expenses for a year (all to a total value of £1,000) will be awarded to the competitor who, in the opinion of a panel of experts, selects in one attempt column the ten musical items which, together, would make the best-balanced and most entertaining programme of recorded music for all-family enjoyment. If preferred, winner may take £1,000 instead.

In the event of a tie, the sum of £1,000 will be shared among those tying, none of whom may receive more than one share.

Place an X - in ink (pen or ballpoint) against each of the 10 musical items you choose. No order of merit is required. Entry is FREE.

Entry coupon, which must not be mutilated or altered, must bear competitor's signature and address in block letters in ink.

Post your entry in a sealed envelope (3d. postage) to FAMILY FAVOURITES COMPETITION, TODAY, the New John Bull, 96 Long Acre, London, W.C.99, to arrive by not later than Monday, March 14, 1960.

IMPORTANT. **Before placing your coupon in the envelope, copy out on the outside of the back of your envelope the key numbers of your ten selected items IN EXACTLY THE SAME ORDER AS THEY APPEAR ON YOUR COMPLETED COUPON. This is necessary in order to give you the result as soon as possible—your entry will be disqualified if this is not done.**

Each entrant is allowed to submit one coupon only from this issue of JOHN BULL and one coupon only from each issue of TODAY, the New John Bull, in which this competition appears. You may send this and next week's coupon in the same envelope. Proof of posting is not proof of delivery. No correspondence will be entered into. The result will be published in the earliest possible issue of TODAY, the New John Bull.

Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. (and associated companies) and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

WIN A VAUXHALL VICTOR FREE WITH THIS COUPON

Place an X – in ink – in blank spaces against each of the ten musical items you select.

I agree to accept the published result as final, also the Editor's decision on all matters relating to this competition.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

(BLOCK LETTERS) .....

.....

All entries must arrive not later than Monday, March 14, 1960. This competition is open to readers in the United Kingdom and Eire only.

ANOTHER COUPON IN NEXT WEEK'S TODAY, THE NEW JOHN BULL

1. Barcarolle (from Tales of Hoffmann)
2. Be My Love
3. Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy
4. Gigi (selection)
5. Greensleeves
6. Land of Hope and Glory
7. Last Night on the Back Porch
8. Little White Bull
9. Loch Lomond
10. My Fair Lady (selection)
11. Seven Little Girls
12. Sidesaddle
13. St Louis Blues March
14. Summertime
15. Travellin' Light
16. Waltz from The Merry Widow
17. What do you Want to Make those Eyes For
18. Whistle While You Work
19. William Tell Overture
20. 1812 Overture

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Just the tools to keep handy! Screwdrivers, gimlet, Phillips screw bit, steel tape measure. See this month's

What it means when you feel . . .

"I can't go on!"

by Dr. RICHARD HAMILTON

Tomorrow a hundred baffled people, in their fear of life, will seek what they wrongly think is the answer . . . DEATH. How can we help them?

TODAY, as every day in Britain more than a hundred desperate men and women will try to take their own lives. Each year, 30,000 people attempt to kill themselves. Five thousand actually die.

The pattern of self-destruction is bizarre. It is encountered most often in communities with high standards of living. It flourishes among the upper and middle classes. It happens to men and women of high intelligence.

It haunts every country, race and creed. In Japan, it accounts for 23,000 deaths a year—it causes more deaths in the student age group of fifteen to twenty-four than any other cause, including the total of all fatal accidents.

What drives a human being to the point of declaring: "I can't go on living"?

Doctors and psychiatrists agree that the answer can rarely be found in conscious motives. The real reasons for suicidal behaviour are almost always hidden, not only from outsiders but also from the victims themselves.

Drugged student

A brilliant and lovely young university graduate is found dead in her bedroom. Beside her, an empty box. It once contained sleeping drugs.

"There was never any trouble with boy friends," says her mother. "She always seemed happy and gay."

But beneath the veneer lay the hidden persuaders. These compulsive forces, lodged in the unconscious realms of the mind, usually work towards suicide through depressive illness—a creeping paralysis of the emotions which can bring clever and responsible people to the brink of self-destruction before anyone knows what is happening.

Psychologists divide depression into two main groups:—

1. *Reactive depression.* This is related to a recognizable stress in life; perhaps a bereavement or a great disappointment.
2. *Endogenous depression.* In this case the source of the mood is obscure. We have all known people to become moody without being able to explain why.

Most of us feel depressed from time to time, just as we have our periods of elation. At what stage, then, does depression become illness? Usually, when elements of both types of depression combine. Then a person's mood appears far worse than his real situation warrants.

Women are especially prone to severe depression during or after the menopause, and men at a corresponding time of life—in the fifties and sixties.

Love . . . and hate

Because depression is a common complaint, its dangers are often underrated. *Every* depressive is a suicide risk. To be able to help, we must understand something of the deeper nature of the problem; of the hidden urges that influence our lives.

In infancy, children learn to achieve gratification through the "dual instincts" of love and aggression—of cherishing and hurting.

These dual instincts are indulged in impartially and with equal intensity when the child is very young. But they confuse the child as it grows older and has to think and act consciously.

By the time it is four or five, it has banished them to the unconscious levels of its mind.

The influence of the dual instincts

How can depressive illness be spotted? Four diagnostic points are always present

1. Diurnal mood variations (feeling low in the morning, cheering up as the day goes on).
2. Ability to go to sleep on retiring, but waking about 4 a.m.
3. Loss of initiative, concentration and interest—for example, stops reading newspapers.
4. Exaggerated ideas of guilt and self-blame.

Watch that friend or relative when depression lingers . . . Misguidedly, they may see only one way out—suicide

Are the survivors of suicide bids really people who have bungled the act? Or is there a deeper significance?

Until five years ago, doctors and psychiatrists talked of "successful" and "unsuccessful" suicide. Then a startling discovery was made. Research into both categories showed that those who attempt suicide and those who actually kill themselves form two distinct groups. Their characteristics overlap very little.

These facts emerged about people who kill themselves:

The majority are men. The majority are old. Few have made the attempt before.

Now consider the attempt survivors:

The majority are women. The majority are young. Few go on to kill themselves later.

become no less merely because it is hidden. Towards almost everything and everybody in the world, people continue to mingle love and hate in various proportions throughout their lives.

When the development of our personality is healthy, feelings of love towards people and things that are valuable to us become far stronger than aggression. We learn to direct our aggressive instincts towards such pursuits as kicking a football, digging the garden, spring cleaning, earning a living, and so on.

But if these aggressive instincts are not absorbed fully enough by such activities, they may re-emerge, mingling with the finer feelings we have for those we love.

Now, inhibited by an agony of guilt and remorse, it may be that a person will turn his aggression upon himself even to the extent of wishing his own destruction.

At this stage, the process becomes still more subtle. Moved by this deep, unconscious conflict towards the conclusion that he must end his own life, the potential suicide seeks a reason for his impulse. It may be a debt. Or a love affair that threatens his marriage.

Some trouble that could be handled sensibly at any other time begins to seem "insuperable."

They try to die

So powerful are the hidden persuaders that if his life situation is unclouded and successful, the depressive patient may even feel guilty because others have not shared his blessings.

Even the act of suicide may be inhibited. For every self-inflicted death in this country there are at least five incomplete suicide attempts.

Dr. Erwin Stengel, Professor of Psychiatry at Sheffield University, and a pioneer of the study of attempted suicide as a problem of its own, says that self-destruction is not the only aim in such cases. Another is to obtain help from the community, or those nearby.

From this he deduces that if suicide attempts are an appeal for help, there should be fewer such attempts in societies less likely than ours to respond to an appeal.

This is so. In German concentration camps, survivors of suicide bids were rare. People killed themselves with grim efficiency.

Conversely, countries such as Denmark and Sweden with highly organized welfare and community care have high attempted-suicide rates.

Another unconscious aim in attempted suicide is to improve a crumbling relationship. A north country company director, determined to make a success of the business he started several years ago, grew to regard his work as the all-important aspect of his life, even to the exclusion of his young wife's need for affection.

Disillusioned and frustrated, she became a prey to depression and eventually tried to cut open her wrists.

Though undoubtedly sincere, her suicide bid was ineffective, and today the couple live a more balanced life. Her deeper motive—to shock her husband into realizing her need—had succeeded

Suicide a crime?

The recent Church of England report, *Ought Suicide To Be A Crime?* follows medical opinion on this line. It describes attempted suicide as a distress signal—an appeal that should be answered.

The sooner help comes the better. Self-destruction is tragic enough, but the suicide may also destroy others with him. Psychiatrists believe that the death impulse lies behind many road accidents and even seemingly involuntary mishaps in the home.

Depressive illness in a train driver, or a pilot, could bring sudden horror to many families. In a statesman, or a military leader with the power to unleash atomic destruction on the world, the possible consequences are immeasurable.

Depression responds remarkably well to proper psychiatric treatment, and any understanding doctor will see that depressives—the potential suicides—get it.

It is up to *you*, if you have such a patient in your family, or among friends, to call in expert help—before it is too late. END

It starts . . . with a twitch of the mouth muscles. Then as you breathe more deeply . . . your diaphragm starts to heave . . .

What makes

Horror, calamity, even death . . . they all light-hearted look at that funny smile

WHAT happens when you laugh? A laugh *begins* with a twitching of the mouth muscles. Next we breathe more rapidly. If it is a good joke, we flap our arms, slap our knees and sway our bodies. If it is a *very* good joke, we throw our heads back and contort our spines.

And all the time our belly quakes uncontrollably.

Try to stand strictly to attention while somebody tells you a really funny story. It can't be done. Emotion grips you, until nature has expended what appears to be a lot of surplus energy.

Why, then, is laughter good for us? Doctors, psychologists and scientists agree that it is—that a good laugh, not a succession of sniggers, does as much to tone up the system as any pill.

Out with fug

Most of us today are guilty of shallow breathing. Laughter sets the bellows working with a will, expelling fug and sucking in oxygen. In turn the blood begins to course more quickly, the glands grow happier in their work, the gastric juices are stimulated.

The body gets a vibratory massage from the diaphragm. For good measure, nature even washes out the eyes.

If you overdo laughing, you end up feeling like a filleted fish. You are unlikely to die of laughter, unless you are very old and your heart is very weak, in which event you are as likely to die by trying not to laugh.

Our ancestors knew that laughter was good for the digestion, which was why jesters were on duty at dinner time. At the banquets of the Lord Mayors of London a clown used to leap into a great bowl of custard, after which the jovial diners felt able to eat anything—even custard.

The "laugh and grow fat" theory is hardly likely to encourage women to hilarity, but there is no evidence to show that laughter lays on fat. Fat people, however, probably laugh more than thin people.

Laughter, the doctors say, has good effects other than the purely physical. It snaps those nervous tensions which cramp the body's functions; it acts as a safety valve to a mind stuffed with taboos and inhibitions; it helps to put embarrassments into perspective.

A man who never laughs (the dictionary calls him an agelast) is more likely to end up on the psychiatrist's couch than a jolly one. Breakdowns, like ulcers, come to the tense and unsmiling. Ideally, laughter should be taught in childhood, for the child who is allowed to take himself too seriously grows into a social misfit.

It is never too late for you to learn to laugh. America has tried out ideas like National Laughter Week, with "Bigger Laughs For Better Living" slogans, and laughter parties.

In Paris a doctor ran Sunday morning laughter lessons at which patients listened to a gramophone record of laughter and then joined in. In 1951 the B.B.C. broadcast a programme by the "Laughing Parson" of Derby, who had taught his choir to relax with a gale of laughter.

Is it any use forcing yourself to laugh, even if there's nothing funny in sight? Certainly, according to the best authorities. Exercises resembling laughter are part of the discipline of Yoga. One good exercise for you to try—preferably not in a crowded railway carriage—is to hold down the corners of your lips as if in a frown and keep them that way for a few minutes. According to the theorists, you will soon feel as sad as you look.

The opposite exercise—raising the corners of your mouth—will bring a feeling of happiness and well-being.

Don't try tickling yourself to make you laugh. It won't work.

The laughter that comes from tickling is a purely reflex action, but many investigators have not been content to leave it at that. At Yale University, Miss Ruth Washburn and others tickled babies in laboratories. They found, among other things, that mothers could tickle their babies into laughter fifteen times as often as strangers could.

Ticklish point

Dr. Louis Robinson, another respected name in the annals of tickling, experimented on children between the ages of two and four.

He rated the front of the neck to be the place most sensitive to tickling, but seems not to have tried the sole of the foot.

Ordinary laughter, as distinct from the laughter of tickling and the giggles of adolescent girls, has a hundred

then you're grinning, tickled pink . . . gasping . . . there are tears in your eyes. . . . In fact, Harry Secombe, it's a laugh

you LAUGH?

have us rolling in the aisles. Here's a on your face **by E. S. TURNER**

causes, which the wise men are still trying to classify.

We laugh, they say, at a sudden onrush of gladness, as when we reach the top of a mountain.

We laugh at a sudden release from tension.

We laugh at novelties, though not so much as babies do.

We laugh at the humiliation of authority (which accounts for all those successful army farces), at the puncturing of dignity (Robertson Hare losing his trousers), at the incongruous and absurd, at physical deformities, at moral shortcomings (the supposed meanness of Aberdonians), at horseplay (clowns indulging in slapstick), at disproportion, at mimicry, at minor misfortunes, at improprieties, at pretences, at mystification, at want of knowledge and skill in others, at physical assault, at the outwitting of another person, at "the sudden reduction to zero of an intense expectation," at word play and even at pointless catchphrases if plugged often enough.

Ice-cream gag

Take one of the most famous Chaplin gags: comedian has trouble with his ice-cream (*laughter*). Ice-cream flies down dowager's bare back (*loud laughter*). Man tries to retrieve it and is slapped by furious dowager (*hysterical laughter*). That is a joke built on want of knowledge and skill, puncturing of dignity, mild impropriety and physical assault.

Does the explanation make it any funnier? Perhaps not.

Did someone say we no longer laugh at physical deformities? Well, what about the wave of nauseating "sicknik" jokes which swept America and gained a foothold in Chelsea—jokes about blindness and dying children?

The psychologists, never at a loss for an explanation, say that the "sick" jokes are the efforts of a badly scared nation to come to terms with the H-bomb, to make fun of the death which overhangs it. They think that people made similar jokes when the great plagues swept the world.

Most of us are ready to laugh at small misfortunes. Our parents, if they were wise, taught us to laugh when we fell over, so we take our revenge by laughing when others fall.

Somebody has solemnly argued that we laugh at a man falling in the street because, expecting that he will be hurt, we are tensed up, and the realization that he is unhurt breaks the tension. But this won't wash: we are ready to laugh at the mere idea of a man approaching a banana skin, when for all

we know he is going to break his neck.

Scornful laughter, say the psychologists, shows that we are trying to work off a sense of inferiority; but plenty of things deserve to be laughed to scorn.

Always there is a psychologist standing by to tell us our real motives for laughter. If we indulge in too many off-colour stories, it is because we have a deep-down sex problem worrying us. If we are the "hearty" kind who invent embarrassing forfeits at parties, we have some serious basic ill-adjustment.

If it were necessary to state the chief cause of laughter in one word, that word would probably be "incongruity." Schopenhauer agreed on this, but he admitted to a desire to laugh whenever he saw a blackboard. This was because he found the notion of a tangent striking a circle irresistibly comic. How *can* you make up theories with people like that around?

Ask a comedian his recipe for a belly laugh, and as a rule he will fight shy. Charlie Chaplin has a theory that real laughter comes when a man to whom something ridiculous has happened tries to preserve his dignity and pretend everything is normal.

Britain's top comedian of today, Norman Wisdom, says: "I trust to instinct"—and his instinct holds good.

It's infectious

Many of us, though we would hate to admit it, laugh only because others do.

London theatre managers used to encourage loud laughers to attend their first nights; their bellowings set everybody else laughing.

But something is wrong in the theatre today. "A dreadful thing has happened," says Terry-Thomas in his book, *Filling The Gap*. "People very often applaud a joke rather than laugh at it. I can assure you that this sort of thing didn't happen before the war."

He quotes the theory of a barber he knows that people are really applauding themselves for having seen the joke.

Norman Wisdom has noticed this trend, too; it happens, he says, when jokes are subtle, or topical. Arthur Askey thinks it is more prevalent in America, where studio audiences are instructed to *applaud* jokes.

"It makes the audience sound intelligent," he says, rather sadly. END

Start the day the Andrews way with that enviable spring-clean feeling

WHY SHOULD *you* miss the nicest way to start the morning? Drink Andrews. Treat yourself to a big, cool, clear, clean, bubbling glassful of Andrews. Let those champagne-bubbles sweep away every trace of morning muzziness. Make *your* mouth feel fresh as springtime. Give *you* that sparkling, *enviable*, spring-clean feeling.

And don't forget Andrews Inner Cleanliness. Because while sparkling Andrews is freshening your mouth it's also toning up your liver. Settling any little stomach upset. And it has the kindest way of keeping your system regular.

So – start the day the nicest way – the Andrews way – with that sparkling *spring-clean* feeling. That's the way to greet the morning. From now on.

Save on the big tin—it costs only 2/11. And don't forget to keep it handy—where all the family can help themselves.

Andrews for inner cleanliness

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

Here's money to make your house young

Finance for a face-lift

by Roger Smithells

These very ordinary cottages in St. Mary Road, Walthamstow, were the setting for an official demonstration, showing what you can do to modernize your home, with the aid of a government-sponsored improvement grant

BEFORE **AFTER**

This set of pictures shows what can be done to improve washing facilities. Using the standard grant, the third bedroom has been fitted with bath and basin (*above right*). In this case the existing outside W.C. is still used. *Right:* The discretionary grant has helped to provide a new extension at the back of the kitchen, fit it as a bathroom, and bring the W.C. indoors

A FEW months ago I wrote about the revised scheme of government grants for the improvement of old houses. The scheme was designed to help people who own or buy out-of-date property and want to bring it up to modern living standards. Since I wrote, thousands of householders have taken advantage of the scheme and we can now see how it works out in practice.

The Ministry of Housing and Local Government recently demonstrated the scheme on a row of terrace houses in Walthamstow, London. My photographs of this transformation show how the scheme can help you if you are the owner of an out-of-date house.

There are two types of grant. The first, the standard grant, you can apply for from your local housing authority, if you are a house-owner, or a leaseholder with more than fifteen years of lease still to run.

The aim of the standard grant is to ensure that a house has five essential amenities—bath or shower, wash-hand basin, water closet, hot-water system and ventilated food cupboard. The grant will meet half the cost of these amenities up to a maximum grant of £155. If you cannot meet the other half of the cost yourself, the local council may lend you the amount, at interest, or you may be able to add the amount to any mortgage loan you already have on the house and repay it as part of your ordinary mortgage repayments.

You can claim a grant for installing one or more of the five amenities, but

The photographs on this page show the kitchen before and after modernization. Below (*right*) you see what can be done using a standard grant. Half the cost of the electrical water heater and high-level food cupboard were paid for with the standard grant. Above (*left*), the modernized kitchen has been converted with the help of a discretionary grant. The old window becomes a door to the bathroom extension and back-door lobby. The new window, sink, cooker and food store are all part of the improvement scheme

RECURRING HEAVY COLDS

—now entirely free, thanks to FAMEL!

says Mr. P. H. Lacey
Little Weighton, Hull.

"I feel I ought to let you know of the efficacy of your famous Famel Syrup. Nearly two years ago I was troubled with constantly recurring heavy colds and as soon as I got rid of one another would take its place. I asked our chemist if he could recommend anything for it and he sold me a bottle of your Famel Syrup. Since that time I have been entirely free from colds of any description but always keep a bottle in stock, in case. I can assure you that I am very grateful for I had tried many remedies without effect."

Why suffer the miseries of colds and coughs and 'flu when Famel Syrup can bring you such wonderfully quick and sure relief? Soreness soothed away, sound sleep at nights, and so much *more!* For never forget that the real trouble with 'flu, coughs and colds is *infection*—and Famel fights infection from the first dose.

Powerful 3 way help for your COUGH

QUICK RELIEF Famel first soothes away soreness and irritation, giving relief from the misery of persistent coughing and ensuring sound sleep at nights.

DEEP-HEALING PENETRATION Famel is no mere suppressant. It is a *complete* treatment, penetrating through the bloodstream, helping your system fight infection from within.

NEW STRENGTH Sound sleep, and Famel's tonic properties, build up your resistance and bring new strength for speedy recovery.

GET FAMEL FOR THAT COUGH!

FAMEL CONQUERS COUGHS

FROM CHEMISTS ONLY: 2/8, 3/10, 7/6 PER BOTTLE

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

continued from previous page

the money is given to you on condition that you have all five amenities in your house when the work is finished.

Study all conditions carefully. For example: you must not start the work until you have written approval of your application from the council; for three years after the work has been finished you cannot sell the house to a new owner for his own occupation, unless a member of your family, without repaying the grant. This you may do within ten years—a reduced proportion plus compound interest—thereby releasing yourself from the conditions.

The second type, a discretionary grant, is available as its name suggests at the discretion of the local housing authority. This grant, from a minimum of £50 up to a maximum of £400, is intended to provide half the cost of further improvements to a house, or conversion of a too-large house into flats. (You can get a separate grant for each flat.) This is available only to lease- and freeholders, and will be awarded only if the council considers that the house or flats will be habitable for fifteen to thirty years.

Again you can release yourself from these and several other conditions by repaying the whole grant, or a proportion of it.

Gay ceiling lights

Good ceiling fittings will give a soft diffused background light for the whole room

Semi-recessed ceiling fitting from Courtney Pope, with a white plastic diffuser and pierced metal surround. £7 11s. 3d.

Troughton & Young's "School" pendant has a plastic diffuser, and anodised silver ceiling plate and holder. The price is 33s. 3d., tax included

Pendant fitting by Cone, with a pleated, washable acetate shade. In five colours, and taking bulbs up to 150 watts, it costs 43s. 6d.

The Atlas "Kitchenlight" fluorescent fitting can be run off an existing ceiling point. In red only, with 4 ft. white tube and ballast lamp, 67s. 6d.

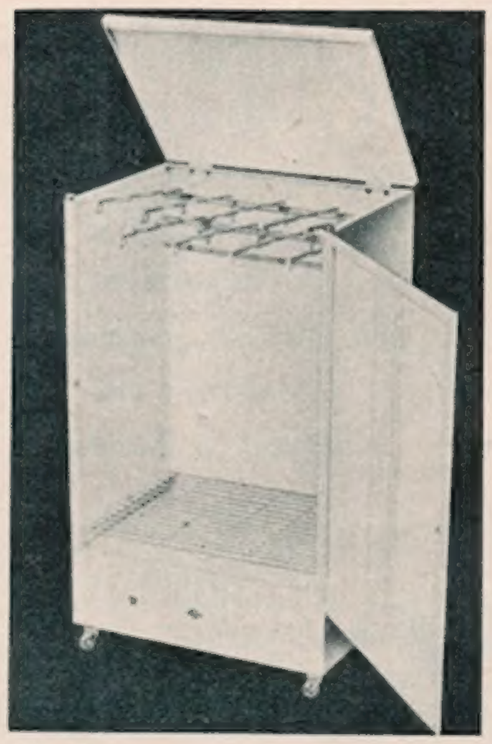
By Rotaflex in several colours, with a white central diffuser. To accommodate bulbs ranging in size from 60 to 150 watts, prices 21s. 11d. to 34s. 11d.

All hot air

Laundry may be dried and later aired with these dual purpose drying cabinets

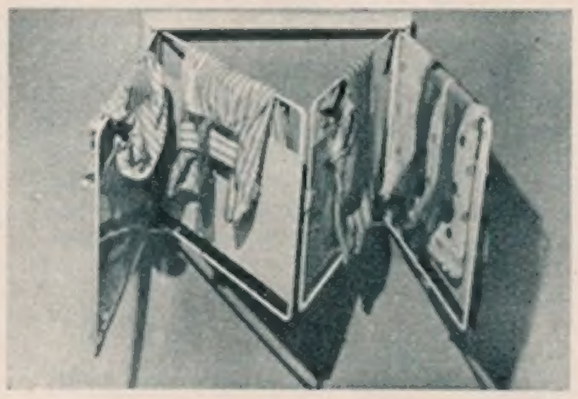
The Hi-Dry, which is adjustable to two positions, is fitted with a 1,000 watt heater and folds up for storing. Price £7 14s. 9d. plus cover an optional extra at 15s. By L. G. Hawkins & Co. Ltd.

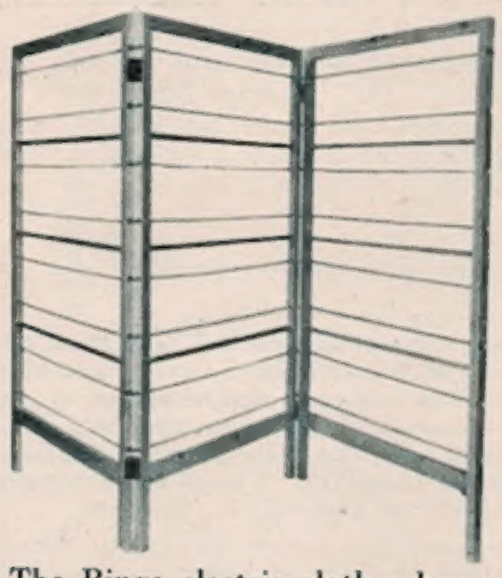
The Electrix 306 cabinet includes a detachable plastic tray for carrying wash. Price £16 9s. 9d. By the Sterling Group



The Davey, in white or cream, has a 1,500 watt heater. £13 16s. 6d. By A. D. Davidson Electric Co.

The Inferation seen here open and shut, is a heater-cum-dryer. With a 600 watt loading it costs £24 5s. By Inferation Limited





The Bingo electric clothes horse has a loading of 425 watts. Price £4 9s. 6d. By Maestrovox Limited

What's new for the handyman

THESE days you don't have to be a highly skilled handyman to produce jobs with a professional finish. Here is news of tools, gadgets, materials and methods which make it easier to keep your home looking its best.

Beauty-Plank birchwood panelling from Canada incorporates a new invisible fixing system. The sturdy plywood planks, made in sizes from 7 to 11 in. wide and 8 ft. high, are prefinished and need no further treatment. Beauty-Plank is sold in packs containing 61.33 sq. ft. of random-width planks for £12, or loose from 21s. for an 8 ft. × 7 in. plank. From The Tentest Co., Ltd., Fibre Board House, Oakleigh Gardens, London, N.20.

The makers of Bridges power tools have three additions to their attachment range. The paint sprayer is shown here. They are also making a speed reducer and screwdriver combined, which costs 47s. 6d. with a ¼-in. bit. With it, a 2-in. No. 12 screw can be driven into hardwood in under three seconds. The third is an insecticide spraying attachment, equally effective for spraying creosote or lime washes, price £7 17s. including 6-ft. hose container and spraying lance. By Bridges, York Road, London, S.W.11.

The Invicta Trimrite tool for trimming wallpaper at skirting and picture rail is ingeniously curved to mark the wallpaper at exactly the right place. Teamed with a cutting knife or the special cutting wheel, it makes short work of an otherwise difficult job. Price 5s. 6d., wheel 5s., from the Ridgely Trimmer Co., 117 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

Naco Sun Sash louvred windows can be fitted by the handyman to existing window frames. These will give you controlled ventilation when open, and seal tightly when you shut them.

Apart from this, they are pleasant to look at. Write for a measurement and order form to N. B. Appleton (Pty), Ltd., Liverpool Road, Trading Estate, Slough, Bucks.

Dilec self-bonding p.v.c. tape is revolutionary in that it can be used again and again. Primarily intended for electrical insulation, it can be used for many other purposes. It is strong, impervious to moisture, and resistant to most acids and chemicals, and leaves no stickiness behind when you peel it off.

Made by John Gosheron & Co., Ltd., Albert Embankment, Vauxhall, S.E.11, it costs 1s. 9d. a roll ¾ in. wide and 5 yd. long.

Gyproc Cove is a ready-made plasterboard cornice which any handyman can fix. It covers the corner where the wall meets the ceiling, and hides the unsightly cracks which often appear in houses new and old. Supplied with the coving is a set of paper guides which help you to cut perfect mitres at the corners. Price for an average room—about 60s. Made by Gyproc Products, Ltd., Singlewell Road, Gravesend.

Bridges paint spraying attachment for their "Neonic" drill. Price 6 gns.

Gyproc Cove is easy to stick into place with special Gyproc Adhesive

A gracious welcome to your guests

18/- bottle · 9/6 half-bottle

Also Magnums 36/-

MAKE DULL FLOORS COLOURFUL

It is so easy to make your floors or surrounds tone attractively with other furnishings—simply brush on a new colour.

'LIQUID LINO' FLOOR PAINT

This wonderful paint is specially rubberised to give extra wear on Cement, Stone, Lino or Wood, and is particularly suitable for Kitchens and Bathrooms. It is non-slip, is easily cleaned and lasts years. Being tough, it is ideal for use in Hotels, Boarding Houses, Garages, Show Rooms, Factories and Canteens where it keeps down dust and stands up against hardest wear.

16 *Shades, also Black and White. All sizes,* ½ *pint to* 1 *gallon.*

4/8 TIN DOES BATHROOM

From all leading Paint Dealers

RESULT OF FILM-ADS COMPETITION

which appeared in December 26 issue

In the opinion of the adjudicators the most skilful and appropriate fitting of phrases to advertisements in the above Film-Ads Contest, was that submitted by:—

Mr. W. A. TOPE
189 BALDOCK ROAD
LETCHWORTH, HERTS

The cash prize of £50 has accordingly been awarded for his entry as follows:

ADVERTS	1	2	3	4
PHRASES	I	L	G	E

Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise . . .

I WOULD like to spend a week at the Common Cold Research Unit. Would you tell me where and how to apply, and what to expect while I'm there?—M. K., Derbyshire.

● Write to the Director, Common Cold Research Unit, near Salisbury, Wilts. Volunteers usually stay for ten days, living in centrally heated bungalows in semi-isolation of twos and threes. Rail fares are paid up to a maximum of £3 15s. The age limits are eighteen to forty-five, and volunteers should be in normal health. Arrival at the unit is usually on a Tuesday, and departure on Friday the following week. Pocket money of three shillings a day is paid.

MISSING CAR

A MOTORIST rents my garage for the weekly sum of 7s. 6d. His work takes him out of town with his car for periods of one or two weeks. He takes the key of the garage with him and doesn't pay rent for weeks when he is away; only for the weeks when his car is actually in the garage. Is he in order in doing this?—D. B., Warrington.

● Unless the garage was let on the condition that the tenant should pay rent only when he used it, he is liable for rent whether he uses it or not. In such circumstances as you state, you can claim all arrears.

WARPED DOORS

I ASKED a builder to supply and fix a new kitchen door and doors for my garage. After two weeks the kitchen door could not be opened and the garage doors were so warped they could not be closed. After a complaint, a carpenter from the firm examined them all and suggested I take them off and put them inside to dry. I told him this was nonsense, and he agreed to get in touch with the firm who sold him the doors. The manufacturers disclaim all responsibility. I have not yet paid the bill for £18.—F. L., Croydon.

● Your only course will be to refuse to pay for the work unless it is rectified or new doors are supplied to your satisfaction. He might, of course, sue you for payment, but you would have a good defence if the facts are exactly as you state.

NOISE NUISANCE

THE local council is using a bit of land adjacent to my house as a sub-depot. It holds a workman's hut with a workbench in it, and three bays for storing sand, rubble and dirt. I have had to block my pantry window because of the constant dust. I have written to the council, and they promised to minimize the noise and the nuisance, but it gradually gets worse.—J. R., County Durham.

● The council can be compelled to abate any nuisance they are creating, and your legal remedy would be to apply to court for an injunction to get it stopped. In the circumstances you state, it is probable that a solicitor's letter to them may prove effective.

MISSING PAYMENTS

I BOUGHT a washing machine on hire purchase four months ago, and signed a banker's order for ten monthly payments. No payments have yet been made, presumably because the shop concerned has not sent the order to my bank. Can they take the machine away, or am I now liable for the whole sum?—C. H., Cheshire.

● You should find out from the bank whether the order has been presented, and payments made. If the order has not been presented you should discover the reason. The vendor cannot recover the machine, or hold you liable for the whole price to be paid at once.

WHOSE ROAD?

MY car is always parked overnight outside my house because I am unable to obtain a garage. Now the house next door has been converted into three flats and the owner of each of them has a car. The result is that when I come home at night there is always a car parked in front of my house and I have to park some distance away. If I put up No Parking notices, can I insist they do not park in front of my house?—A. Q., London.

● The police could take action if the obstruction prevents your having reasonable access to your house, or you could take legal action against one owner to compel him to abate the nuisance. Your difficulty is that several owners may park in front of your house. A No Parking notice, unless placed there by the local authority, would have little legal significance.

RUINED COAT

A NEW coat of mine was badly marked by oil from a pushchair which was standing just inside the doorway of a bus. I complained to the operators of the bus, and after some correspondence with their insurance company, was told I had no claim. The pushchair, I think, should have been tucked into the luggage boot of the bus.—Mrs. M. G., Richmond, Yorks.

● Before you could succeed in a claim for damages against the bus company, you would require evidence to show that they acted negligently in allowing the pushchair to be in the doorway of the vehicle. According to the facts you state, there appears to have been negligence, and it seems advisable for you to press your claim.

BARKING DOG

OUR neighbours have a dog that barks nearly all the time, and keeps my children awake. When it was mentioned to the neighbours, they were unpleasant about it. Is there any action I could take?—V. T., Manchester.

● If you could get other neighbours to join in your complaint, the police could probably take action. Otherwise your only course would be to take private legal action to get the nuisance abated, and it is possible that a letter from a solicitor may have the desired effect.

CAN I BUILD?

I WISH to put a garage on some land near my home, but can't find out who owns it. I have made inquiries at the local council office, but they can't help. Could I put up the garage on the land?—A. T., County Durham.

● Provided the plans of the garage are passed by the council and you have a permit to build from the local planning authority, there would be nothing to prevent you from building on it. If, however, the owner should appear, he could treat you as a trespasser and compel you to move it or pay rent for it.

FIRE DAMAGE

MY moped caught fire in my garage, for some unknown reason, and was destroyed beyond any sort of repair. It was six months old and cost £84 when new. The insurance company has offered me £60, saying that is all the machine would have fetched on the open market.—H. W., Leicester.

● You cannot claim more for the loss of your motor-cycle than it could reasonably have been expected to fetch on the open market. As you had used it for six months, it is probable that its value would have depreciated by at least one-quarter.

OVERDUE ACCOUNT

I BOUGHT a house in 1955, and have just received from the solicitor a statement of account. Must I pay this account after such a long period? Is there a time limit on sending out accounts?—E. K., Lanarkshire.

● The solicitor can render his account any time within six years from the date when the work was completed. After that period the debt would be barred by statute, and not recoverable at law.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS keeps practical homelovers up to date

▶ **Armchair comfort** in a new form is provided by Ercol's chair, the "Bergere." The ingenious frame of this chair has no cross bars to spoil the comfort of the reinforced rubber webbing and foam rubber cushions which form its seat and back. The cushion and back covers are removable for easy cleaning. The natural wood frame and arms of the chair are of beech and elm, and it is upholstered in a choice of fabrics. Price from £22 5s. according to upholstery. A matching footstool to convert the chair into a chaise longue costs from £11 7s. 6d.

▶ **More room inside:** This year's model of the Morphy-Richards "Astral" table refrigerator gives you an extra half cu. ft. of space inside with almost the same outside measurements. The capacity of the new model is 2 cu. ft. It will make just over a pound of ice, in the freezer, or store 5 lb. of frozen food. There is a butter container with a perspex door, inside the refrigerator door, a rack for eight eggs, and a shelf for bottles. Inside the main part of the refrigerator are two adjustable wire shelves coated with polythene, and a plastic drip tray which can be used for storage. The cabinet is available in white or cream with a pale green interior. The price is £36 15s. Four legs are an optional extra and cost 29s. 6d.

▶ **To remove egg stains from table linen:** Soak the stain in cold water and salt (1 tablespoonful to a gallon of water), then wash out thoroughly in a solution of a heavy-duty detergent.

▶ **Marks on linoleum,** caused by rubber heels, can quickly be removed by a rub with a rag damped with paraffin. Cigarette burns can be removed by rubbing lightly with the finest gauge wire wool.

▶ **Everyone has a favourite tin-opener,** and the new Torpados variety should prove a new favourite. It is simple to operate. You press the knife into the edge of the tin, then turn the handle. It will open any shape or size of tin and is nickel plated, with a hardened cutter and tooth wheel. The handle is lacquered. The price is about 4s. 9d.

▶ **A new kind of bed:** At last year's furniture exhibition, Slumberland startled visitors with a fabulous, gadget-ridden bed costing £2,500. This year they have followed it up with a down-to-earth version called Precious Dream. This ingenious bed, made as single, double or twins, has many accessories which can be bolted on for added luxury. The basic single bed costs £28 15s., with mattress, headboard and foot-rail. The most expensive version has hinged twin beds fitted with the Conformatic unit for adjusting the mattress at head or foot into any position, a headboard with a drop-front cupboard, a swing-out bedside table or bookrest, bookshelf, and built-in seat at the foot of the bed. It is almost replica, comfort-wise, of last year's luxurious exhibit, but costs £125 instead of £2,500. Adding any one of the fitments planned round the bed is a simple job. They are in 3-ft. and 4 ft. 6 in. sizes. The Conformatic unit for the mattress adjustment is made only in the 3-ft. size.

▶ **Lost the key?** If you lose the key for your cupboard door, don't despair. Where cupboards with projecting hinges are concerned, the pin can be removed from the top hinge of the door, if you file the top of the hinge first.

▶ **Ball-pen ink stain:** To remove these ink stains, soak a pad of cotton-wool in surgical spirit and rub over the stain lightly.

▶ **Safety tip :** Don't clamber on to the edge of the sink to reach that high kitchen shelf. This is the cause of many nasty falls. Use the step-ladder instead.

▶ **The silent lid :** Jarring noise in a noisy world is the clatter of dustbin lids. A new rubber lid marketed by Dunlop solves this noise problem. The lids are sold independently of the dustbins. Price about 22s. 6d. Rubber dustbins are also produced in three sizes priced from £3 18s. 6d. By Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., General Rubber Goods Division, Cambridge Street, Manchester.

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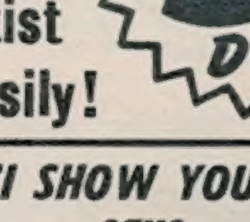

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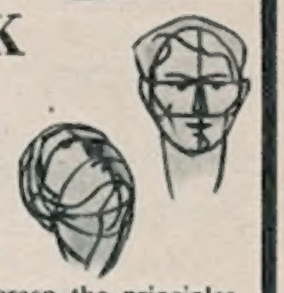

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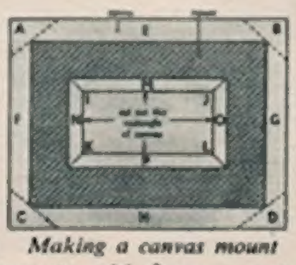

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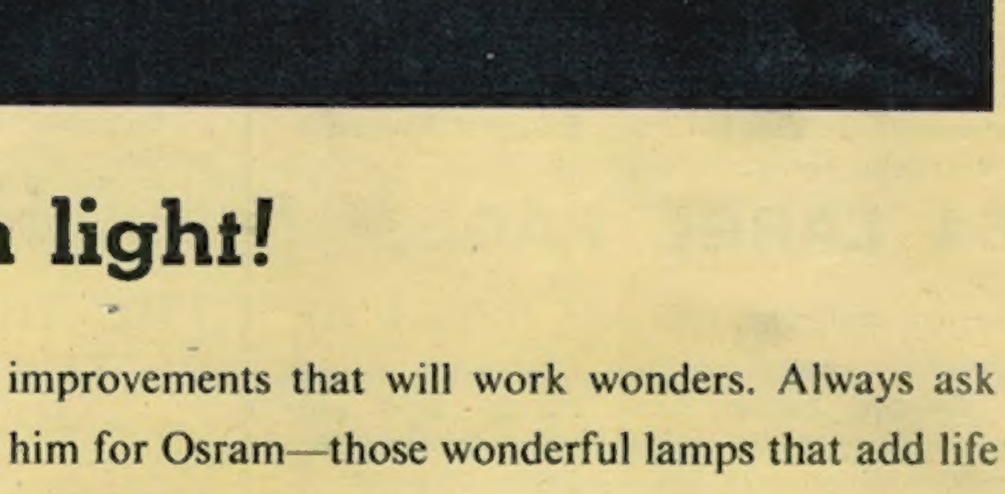

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